VOL. CCXII, No. 2768

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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 28, 1953
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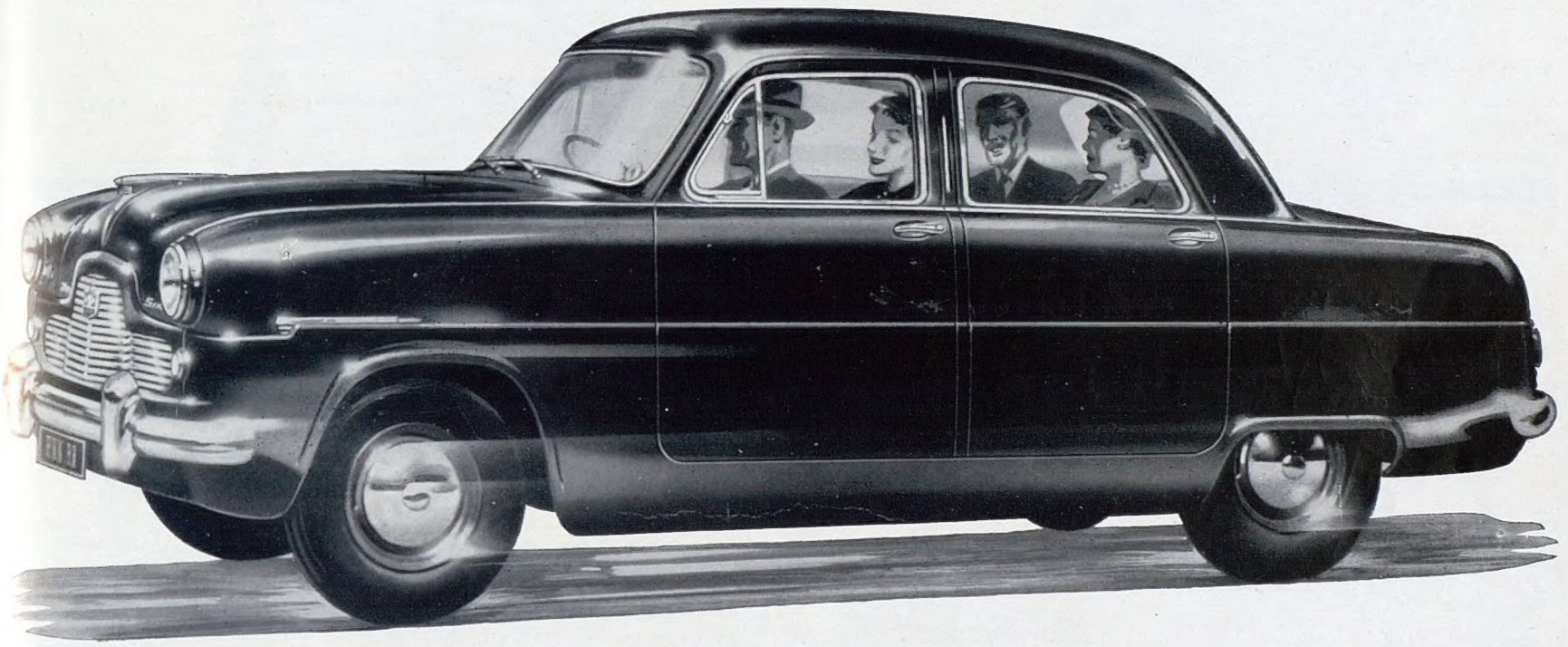

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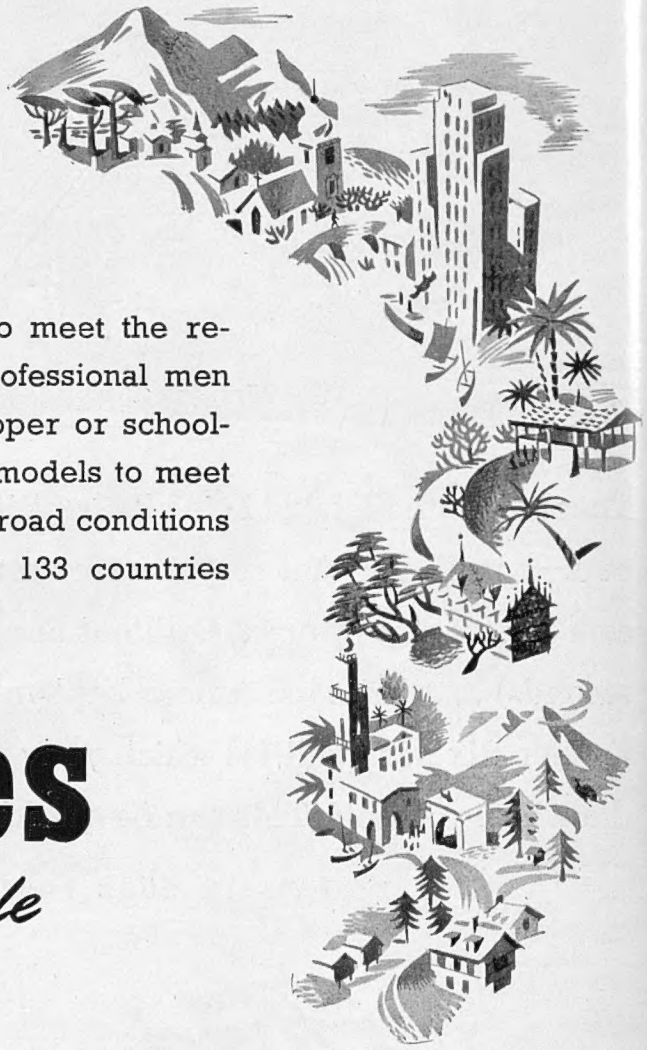

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Volume CCXII No. 2768 The SPHERE, London, February 28, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH AMATEUR RIDERS OF THE SERVICES—THEY DROVE IN A LAND-ROVER TO THE START OF ONE OF THE RACES AT THE UNITED SERVICES' POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT LARKHILL AND AFTERWARDS TOOK UP A POSITION BESIDE ONE OF THE JUMPS : Following the day's events, Her Majesty presented the trophies in the paddock. Further pictures of the Royal week-end visit to South Wiltshire will be found on pages 290-91 of this issue of "The Sphere."

A crowd of 20,000 cheered the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they drove through Salisbury last Sunday night on their way back to London after a week-end spent in South Wiltshire. The bells of the city church of St. Thomas rang out as the Royal car passed through Salisbury. The Queen and the Duke stayed at Wilton House as the guests of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke. Their week-end began when they attended the United Services' point-to-point meeting at Larkhill, taking lunch at the School of Artillery Mess before watching the races from a special glass-enclosed stand and from a Land-rover which took them to various points on the course. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Duke attended morning service in Wilton Parish Church and a crowd of about 8,000 watched them arrive.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

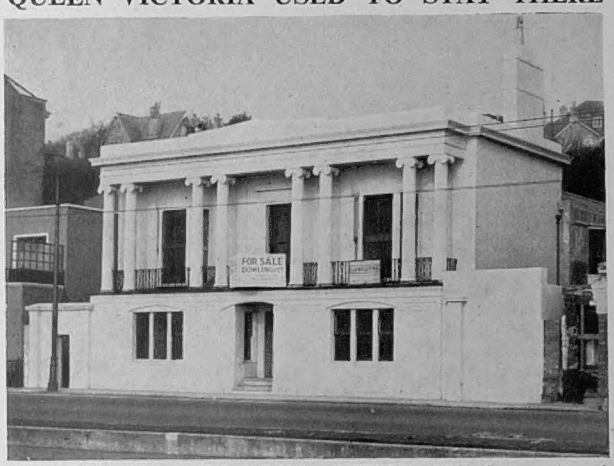
THE NEW AIR COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE

KEEPING TRACK OF THE WORLD'S AIRLINERS : This new civil aviation communications centre, designed to handle a dense traffic of operational messages between airports, was opened at Croydon last week by Mr. J. D. Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation. This centre is the heart of the United Kingdom part of a new world-wide network of teleprinter, radio teletype and Morse wireless circuits. Speedy communications are now more necessary than ever in this age of jet air travel.

LUTON'S SHOW HOUSE NOW ON VIEW

THEY STARTED QUEUEING AT 8 A.M. TO SEE THIS HOUSE : It is one of four houses which are to be offered for sale at £1,150 each on the Stropsley Estate, at Luton, Bedfordshire. When it was opened recently as a show house there was a great rush to see it, and a queue formed at eight o'clock in the morning. The house has a kitchen, a bathroom and a living-room downstairs, and two bedrooms upstairs. The frontage is 20 ft., and the land space is 300 sq. yards.

QUEEN VICTORIA USED TO STAY THERE



A REGENCY GEM WITH A ROYAL HISTORY : This former Royal residence, newly decorated inside and out, is for sale. It is known as Crown House, and is on the sea-front at Marina, St. Leonards. Queen Victoria used to stay there when, as Princess Victoria, she visited St. Leonards with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. It has been suggested by Hastings and St. Leonards Coronation Celebrations Committee that the house, described as "a delightful gem of Regency architecture," be offered to Queen Elizabeth II as a Coronation gift from the people of St. Leonards.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Russell Upon Toynbee.—When the giants meet to do battle, the pygmies form a respectful ring at a safe distance. My chosen function over the Reith Lectures on "The Decline of the West," and Lord Russell's comments thereon, is that of the provincial reporter ; to extract a few intelligible quotations likely to interest the reader and to enhance the reporter's reputation for brightness and industry. Here follow my snippets : In the main, Lord Russell agrees with Professor Toynbee that the grievances of the East are not merely petulant nor wrong-headed, but are the outcome of centuries of Western "insolence and injustice." An ugly or painful way of summing-up the "British genius for colonisation and trusteeship," no doubt. Lord Russell scouts Toynbee's arguments that spiritual causes are at the root of the present discontents of the East and of backward races. The break up of the Græco-Roman world was not a victory for Christianity but for the military power of barbarians. Neither spiritual nor cultural divergences are necessarily the root causes of wars. Japan and other Eastern countries found our technology acceptable, but not our culture or religion. Toynbee regards that fact as the root of trouble ; Russell replies that the world wars revealed at the start no serious cultural divergences. The Kaiser was an earnest Christian, so was the Tzar, and so was Edward Grey. Toynbee argues that man cannot exist without spiritual values. Russell cites China, which without spiritual values subsisted longer than the most "virulently spiritual" of European States. Russell criticises Toynbee for failure to realise the difference between our own and all past ages as a result of scientific progress. Einstein and many other leaders of thought have warned us of the grave risk that the human race will exterminate itself with its unprecedented skill. Russell, in fine, rejects Toynbee's ideological theories and pins his beliefs on the economic. "Peasants wish to stop paying rent to landlords, and countries like Persia see no reason to yield their natural wealth to foreign exploiters." That simple sentence is no doubt a simplification of a tangled issue, but it sounds horribly convincing to me. Here at last is something that I *can* understand, and it does seem to fit the facts and acts in the chief centres of unrest in the world to-day. I am quite used to the spelling of politics as *pockets*, and can dimly comprehend that ideologies and even culture may have been shaped on material as much as spiritual "values."

Our Foreign Policy.—As a race, I should say that we are interested in foreign affairs and usually devote to this sphere of politics such time as we divert from our immediate domestic worries. "Every schoolboy" knows who the Foreign Secretary is ; very few could name six other high office-holders in the Cabinet. The Foreign Secretary is a figure well known and remembered. We like him to be "strong," and we are liable to criticise his policy and decisions whenever they appear to sacrifice British prestige. We dislike any appearance of scuttle. Mr. Bevin, who looked like a bulldog, and Mr. Morrison, who chirped confidently, were both criticised on this score, and would reply that the times had changed and that Palmerstonian methods were no longer possible in a changed world and situation. They were right in so far as it is perfectly true that it was much easier to be a strong, even a truculent, Foreign Secretary in the days of "gunboat" diplomacy. With the sanction of battleships behind your conventionally courteous ultimatums, it was possible once to score diplomatic triumphs, secure peace (of a sort) with honour, and a garter. But times *have* changed for Britain and the gunboat is not now available as a diplomatic lever. And this undoubted truth must suggest to the Foreign Secretary of the day that his assertions of strength and his promises to Parliament of firmness should be rationed and so restrained that the differences between his pledged firmness and his final compromises should not be too gaping. Mr. Eden knows as well as do Lord Russell and Professor Toynbee that the world of yesterday—the pre-wars world—has been turned upside-down, though they differ as to whether the cause of it is primarily economic or ideological. Great Powers have been dethroned and other Powers have risen to pre-eminence, and in these changes Britain has declined in power and perhaps authority. Palmerston's job was easy compared with Eden's. He could bluff on a full house. Mr. Eden is compelled to make the best of a poor hand. It remains to say that our agreement with Neguib over the Sudan reveals no surrender and no watering-down of pledges made long ago to the Sudanese and adhered to by British Governments consistently.

The Value of a Smile.—In the stricken lands of England and the Low Countries, the Royal families of Britain and Holland have vied with each other to do the job which seems to their peoples of first importance and value among their constitutional functions (so little understood) and their ceremonial functions at once so splendid and so simple. If in Belgium this vital function has not been given the same expression, it is only fair to withhold judgment until all facts are known. I have no doubt at all that to-day the public in Britain is far more appreciative (as it is more familiar) with the Royal family's *ceremonial* functions, and, further, that it sets by far the highest value on those functions when exercised among humble folk in times of trouble. It is impossible to overrate the value of a smile from a beautiful young Queen, and a few words of sympathy delightfully expressed to a tired and homeless or bereaved housewife at such a time of misery in such dismal surroundings. The evidence of Press photographers is all the witness needed for certainty that that indeed is for the general public the Monarchy's highest and most valuable function, and so it has been since 1911 at least. To say so is not to underrate the importance of the constitutional functions of a democratic monarch. It merely impresses the truth that when the last vestiges of absolutism vanished from the monarchy, the personal charm, influence and example of our sovereigns doubled and trebled in importance.

The Birch and the Bench.—Remembering the rather severe trouncing which I received from the Magistrates' Association after expressing doubts whether their first "conference" vote on the question of corporal punishment truly represented the majority view of lay magistrates, I must assume that last week's referendum came as a painful surprise to Lord Merthyr and the management of the Association. But before nightfall, their pain was eased with the voting in the Commons on the Private Member's Bill. The Home Secretary convincingly carried the House and the proposal is dead for a decade or for ever. That referendum, of course, was nothing but a straw in the wind. It told us no more than that to-day about one-third of the lay magistracy are in favour of the reintroduction of some form of corporal punishment in some special cases of violent crime at the discretion of judges of unspecified rank. The question put was *Are you in favour of courts having power to order corporal punishment for crimes of violence ?* The answer was confined to "Yes" or "No." Those canvassed represented half the lay magistracy (or 9,200) ; of whom 4,400 voted Yes and 2,500 No. The remainder either spoiled their papers or did not reply. On the same day the Association of Probation Officers announced that its members appeared to be 6 to 1 *against* reintroduction. The probation minority, however, was not fanatically *anti*. They were prepared for a reconsideration of reimposing birching only in specified cases of violence for judges of the Higher Courts only. And that, I am sure, is the opinion of a majority of lay magistrates. The Commons debate revealed that the opinions of judges and magistrates carry very little weight with the House of Commons. All that was "humbly prayed" was that an expert Committee should examine the question and recommend whether or no as a temporary measure some option should be returned to High Court Judges in difficult cases to substitute a mild corrective of vanity in lieu of an antiquated sentence in our overcrowded prisons. But even that examination is now ruled out,

THE MIAMI TO THE BAHAMAS OCEAN YACHT RACE

THE FLEET TACKS AT THE START OF THE GREAT OCEAN RACE : The contenders in the Miami to Nassau sailing race seen as they set out on the 184-mile journey. The race was won by Carleton Mitchell's 57-ft. yawl *Caribbee*, which got into Nassau three hours ahead of her nearest rival. Rough sailing on the first two legs and strong head-winds made the race the slowest in fifteen years. At the same time another race was in progress in the South Atlantic, the Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro race.

Sport Broadcasting.—There was mild trouble over the broadcasting of the Grand National. The B.B.C. rejected as unreasonable the conditions proposed to them by the managers of Aintree (Tophams). Questions of copyright are too important and difficult for a layman to pronounce on, and so also are the scientific details of rediffusion and split-second time-lags. No one could blame the B.B.C. for refusing to repeat the conditions of last year's broadcast. It is wise to adhere to its principle to control all matter which it broadcasts. For my part, I have never yet been a very ardent fan of eye-witness broadcasts of any sporting or ceremonial event. I think their importance is overrated, and shall only become a fan when the perfect marriage with television is consummated. Hitherto I have enjoyed my heartiest laughs over sporting eyewitness broadcasts on those rare occasions when they have not bored me stiff. I regard boxing commentaries as the purest comedy, far funnier than Radio music-hall. Boat-race commentary is invariably boring, tennis intolerable, and cricket a perpetual bathos. A steeplechase commentary by supermen might perhaps be worth listening to, but supermen in this very difficult technique are hard to find, and weather conditions may rob them of their best weapons, sure recognition of each horse and rider. Tophams' effort at Aintree last year was certainly ineffective and had not even the redeeming virtue of comedy. It was the most foolish and most drab failure ever put on for listeners. The real difficulty in the way of making interesting almost all sporting running-commentaries is the constant interruption when the commentator's eye has nothing to fasten on, be it the end of the over, or the period when the game is on the far side of the ground or the runners are out of sight. Then the poor man falls back on stuttering repetitions which drive the listener dotty.

Susan Lushington.—Miss Susan Lushington's long life must be reckoned as both happy and useful. For most of it she brought music and culture to those who once sat in darkness on the borders of Hampshire, Sussex and Surrey. And it is greatly due to her that this pleasant part of rural England is now peculiarly music-minded and enlightened. She was one of the three talented daughters of Judge Vernon Lushington, son of a more famous Lushington, and she and her sisters were brought up to an appreciation of music, art and literature in a pre-Raphaelite circle of famous artists, singers and writers. One of my abiding memories fixes her playing the piano at Hatfield to the delight of week-end parties there. They never could have enough of her playing, and no more picturesque and charming figure ever "presided over the instrument." Miss Susan turned her talents to producing and to the training of amateur orchestras, and her great triumph was perhaps her production of *Fidelio* (no less) at Alton in 1924. Even the ranks of the London music critics, who no doubt came down to be kind and humorous, could scarce forbear to cheer so magnificent an effort. And so for decades she went on to Bach, Gluck and Purcell, and had she lived, she would have given us a notable Brahms' *Requiem* in her eighty-third year. It would have brought her musical career full circle, for it was the *Requiem* of Brahms which she conducted in 1906 in Spilsby Church in memory of her sister, Margaret Massingberd, which set her on her road.

"Jam Satis."—I am usually chaffed by my family for grousing about the winter weather. Actually I have (until February) been rather philosophical about this winter. In my corner of England, I have felt that we have got off pretty light. We have never been iced up or isolated and our telephone lines have held. Our only grouse has been that we have been "rather cold" since September. But it is a different story to-day on the East Coast and from the Peak district northward. There and thereabouts I fear the winter of 1952-53 must be reckoned a very, very bad one for farmers and industrialists and for all forms of transport, quite apart from the fearful tragedies and losses of the East Coast floods. And now on Valentine's Day (when at last we *are* snowed-up), from my sheltered and favoured corner, I put forth a tardy prayer to Father Jupiter to give over: *Jam satis terræ nivis atque diræ grandinis misit pater. . . .* Let us have a change of wind and enough light to shave by and some proof that the sun is still ticking over above the dark, damp blanket which discharged day after day its tiny flakes, whether the glass stood at "very dry" or "much rain." That glass was never before so active, boxing the compass back and forth every twenty-four hours, and proving nothing in its vagaries. After all, the birds are ready for their honeymoons and the chastened Australian Test Team is picked, and there is activity in the committee-room at Lord's and the sodden stands for the Coronation flank miles of London's roadways; and even the luckiest of us have not really felt warm since last August. *Jam satis.* A change for the better is overdue.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOLLAND HOUSE AND LONDON'S NEW PARK

By Barbara Jones

THE DEVASTATED CITY OF LONDON, MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR

THE DEVASTATED AREA BETWEEN WOOD STREET AND ALDERMANBURY, SHOWING SOME OF THE MAJOR BOMBED SITES IN THE CITY OF LONDON: So far £11,000,000 has been spent on new building in the City since the war, but even so, only the fringe of the bomb devastation problem has been tackled, and it is estimated that complete rebuilding would cost another £400,000,000. Mr. David Eccles, the Minister of Works, has promised licences for another £10,000,000 to be spent on new buildings in Central London, and much of this may gravitate towards the City.

Although it is between seven and eight years since the end of the Second World War, 93 acres of great, ugly bomb scars remain in the City of London, first city of the Commonwealth and hub of world commerce. Much criticism is being voiced at the slowness with which the gaping holes caused by the concentrated bombing are being replaced by new buildings, and Mr. A. S. Henderson, the Chief Commoner and Chairman of the City Lands Committee, recently said that the City of London should have some priority to enable the rebuilding of offices and warehouses to end the scandal of the bombed sites. He quoted as an example the textile ward of Cripplegate, once the centre of one of the City's thriving and most important industries, now a vista of ruin and a warren of exposed cellars. Of the 104 acres of the City which were completely blitzed, only eleven have so far been rebuilt, and preliminary estimates indicate that the £10,000,000 worth of new buildings in Central London licensed by the Minister of Works will cover about eight acres of bombed sites. Most of those new buildings will be in the City. The greatest area of devastation in the City begins on the north boundary, a third of a mile wide between Aldersgate and Moorfields. It stretches like a jagged wedge-shaped scar across the whole breadth of the City down to the Thames.

ACROSS QUEEN VICTORIA STREET TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Here is another of the wide, open spaces of the City of London, where so little has been achieved in the way of new building since the war. In the centre foreground is the Church of St. Nicolas Cole Abbey, a burnt-out ruin. After a long debate in the Court of Common Council recently it was agreed to lease to the Bank of England for 200 years land east of St. Paul's between Cheapside and Watling Street. On this land, for which the Bank of England is to pay a ground rent of £76,000 a year, buildings will be erected for occupation by the Bank, and the remainder will be used for shops.

INSPECTING THE COURSE AT LARKHILL BEFORE THE START OF THE UNITED SERVICES POINT-TO-POINT RACES : The Queen ducks under one of the ropes and is followed by the broadly smiling Duke. Their visit to the races coincided with a springlike afternoon. Earlier the Queen and the Duke had had luncheon with the Stewards and the Committee of the United Services Meeting at the School of Artillery Mess. They spent the week-end at Wilton House as the guests of Lord and Lady Pembroke.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SOUTH WILTSHIRE

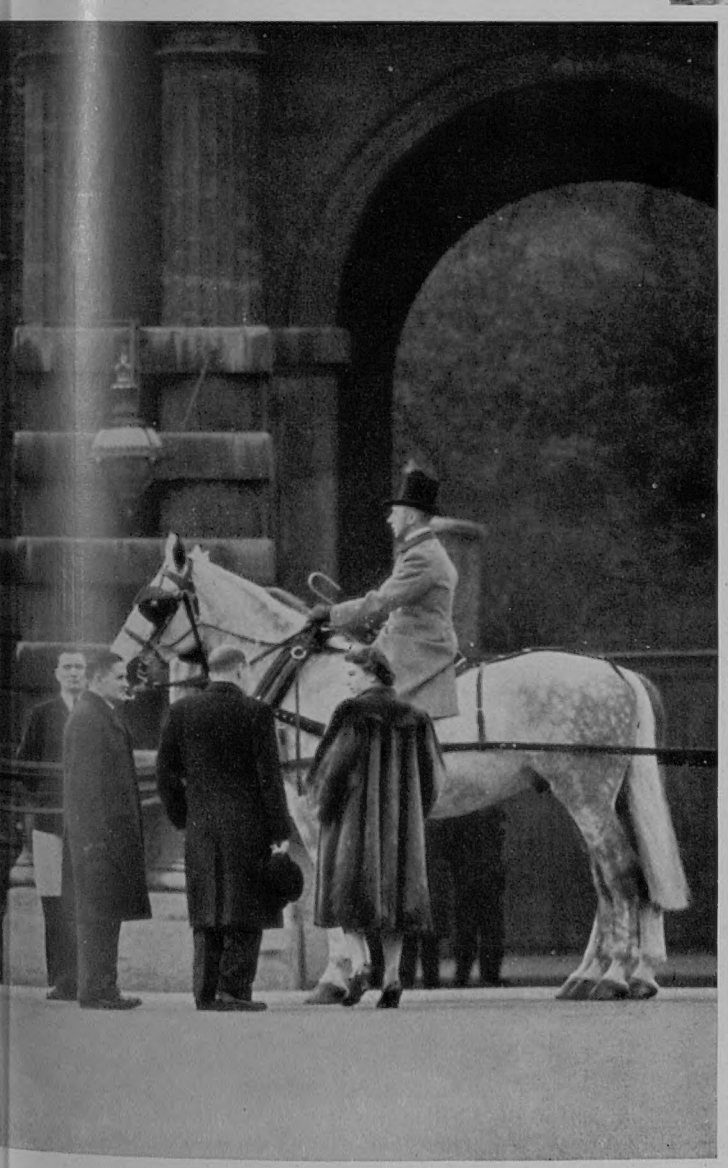
The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at a Larkhill Point-to-Point

WATCHING POINT-TO-POINT RACING FROM A SPECIALLY-BUILT GLASS-ENCLOSED STAND : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the United Services point-to-point meeting at Larkhill. They drove through a long line of cheering racegoers on the way to the stand.

INSPECTING THE JUMPS AT LARKHILL, AND AFTERWARDS A WORD OF CONGRATULATION FOR THE MAN WHO MADE THEM : *Left*—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh examining the open ditch. *Right*—The Queen shaking hands with Taffy Gould, who built and maintains the point-to-point course at Larkhill. Taffy described some of the problems of his craft.

LEAVING THE ANCIENT PARISH CHURCH OF WILTON AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE LAST SUNDAY MORNING: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the west door of the Italian-style church, where they were members of a congregation of 700. The Queen occupied the Rector's stall, with the Duke sitting beside her. A crowd estimated at about 8,000 people watched them arrive at the church. The church was erected in 1844 by Lord Herbert of Lea. It is an ornate Lombardic structure with a wealth of marble, mosaic and stained glass, and a campanile 108 ft. high.

THE SUNDAY-MORNING CROWD WATCHES THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVE WILTON CHURCH: The Queen, followed by the Duke, is about to enter her car, drawn up at the west door of the church. In ancient days Wilton was the capital of Wessex. It had twelve churches.



THE QUEEN VISITS THE ROYAL MEWS TO INSPECT THE CORONATION COACH: Her Majesty is seen seated in the coach before being driven twice round the Royal Mews to test the effect of the new rubber cushioning of the old iron-bound wheels. The coach has been completely renovated, 350 component parts having been stripped down and the coachwork regilded, the total cost being £10,000. *On left*—The Queen standing beside one of the Windsor Greys after her ride. The 4-ton State coach, which first appeared in the streets of London at an opening of Parliament by George III, is perhaps the most splendid Royal equipage remaining in Europe, and it has the record of having been used at every Coronation since that of George IV.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

THE QUEEN AT A LONDON WEDDING ; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A JUBILEE DINNER ; THE QUEEN MOTHER FLIES NORTHWARD

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAS THE GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE JUBILEE DINNER OF THE LAND AGENTS' SOCIETY IN LONDON : The Duke talking with some of the guests on his arrival. In his speech at the dinner he took the opportunity of expressing his sympathy with all who had suffered in the floods and devastation, both in Britain and Holland. He mentioned what a very great debt we in Britain owed to the Dutch in the technique of reclaiming land, and hoped that in the near future Britain would be able to repay that debt by practical help for all the help the Dutch people had given us in the past.

On right—

THE QUEEN ATTENDS THE LONDON WEDDING OF ONE OF HER LADIES-IN-WAITING : Her Majesty acknowledging greetings from her car as she left the Queen's Chapel, Marlborough Gate, after attending the marriage of Mr. Alexander Abel Smith and Lady Palmer (the widow of Sir Anthony Palmer, who was killed in action eleven years ago).

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT BEFORE TAKING OFF FOR WICK AIRPORT, IN THE FAR NORTH OF SCOTLAND, IN A VIKING OF THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT : The Queen Mother's corgi travelled with her in the plane. At Dunnet she spent the week as guest of Commander C. G. Vyner and Lady Doris Vyner. During the week-end Her Majesty paid several visit to the Castle of Mey, which she bought last year and is now having decorated and furnished.

COACHING THE OXFORD CREW WHEN TRAVELLING THROUGH CHOPPY, WINDSWEPT WATER ON THE THAMES AT HENLEY: Major A. T. M. Durand seen in his launch as he made his comments on the row. On this outing Oxford rowed the Henley Regatta course upstream, their first piece of hard rowing. J. S. Howles, the stroke, took them off very cleanly on this journey, rowing sixteen and thirty-one strokes in the first half and full minute. He then lengthened out and the rating dropped to twenty-eight, which was maintained. Oxford reached the winning-post in fast time in the face of a strong current caused by recent rain. The Isis crew which paced the University crew for part of the journey were left behind. The crew, in rowing order, were W. R. Marsh (cox), J. S. Howles (stroke), C. A. L. Harris, E. C. Hammond, M. L. Thomas (President), D. J. H. Davenport, J. Wilson, A. Smith and J. A. Gobbo (bow).

THE BOAT-RACE CREWS AT PRACTICE

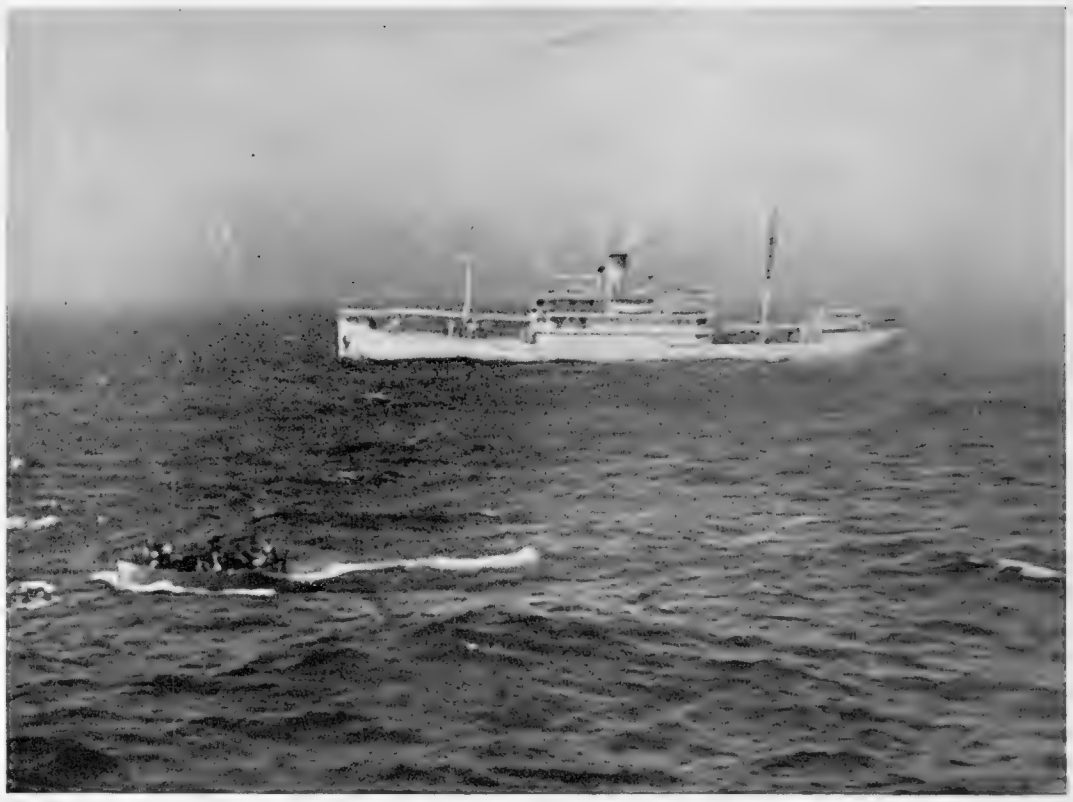
The Oxford Crew at Henley and the Cambridge Crew at Ely During Preparatory Training for the Race on the Tideway

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW PRACTISING AT ELY: On moving to the Ouse from Cambridge, the crew began a new and important stage in their training for the Boat Race on March 28. They had three top-pressure rows in the first days, and their boat has been kept well under control with good balance.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE RUTLAND BOATHOUSE AT HAMMERSMITH: *Above* and *on left*—Men engaged on the task in George Sims's workshop. George Sims has made all the Oxford and Cambridge boats, with one exception, since 1937. The Cambridge boat this year is 62 ft. 6 ins. with a maximum width of 2ft. and a depth of 10 ins. Four men have completed the task in about three weeks. The average weight of members of the crew is 12 stone 10½ lb. and the finished boat weighs 280 lb. It has a three-sixteenth of an inch skin of Honduras cedar.

DRAMA ASHORE AND AFLOAT

Rescuing Passengers from the Stricken Ship *Tripolitania*; a Great Baltimore Fire; the Wreck of the Trawler *Richard Crofts*; an Alaskan Volcano Erupting



RESCUING PASSENGERS FROM THE STRICKEN ITALIAN STEAMER "TRIPOLITANIA," WHICH WAS SLOWLY SINKING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AFTER SPRINGING A SERIOUS LEAK: *On left*—One of the *Tripolitania's* lifeboats alongside the American vessel *General Muyer*, which took off the passengers. A dog tied to a heaving line is being hoisted aboard. *On right*—The *Tripolitania*, deep in the water, wallowing helplessly as another of her lifeboats, loaded with passengers, pulls for the rescue vessel. It was reported next day that although all the passengers and the crew had been taken off by the *General Muyer*, the *Tripolitania* was still afloat. An attempt was made to save her, and on February 23, eight days after she had first radioed for assistance, she was towed into the harbour at Messina in Sicily.

A GREAT FIRE RAVAGES THE WATERFRONT AT BALTIMORE, DESTROYING PROPERTY VALUED AT 2,000,000 DOLLARS: This aerial photograph shows hoses being played from fire-floats on the blazing buildings at the quayside. The fire was one of the most spectacular and destructive in Baltimore for nearly fifty years. Great damage was caused in the business quarter of the city and the fire swept through three factories and five piers. Hundreds of firemen were called out and six of them were injured.

A RUBBER RAFT WASHED ASHORE ON THE INNER HEBRIDES ISLAND OF COLL FROM THE ILL-FATED TRAWLER "RICHARD CROFTS": The *Richard Crofts*, a Milford Haven trawler, sank with the loss of eight of her crew of twelve after running aground on a reef off Coll during thick fog. Her skipper, Harry Rich, was one of those lost. He tried to swim ashore with one of the firemen, J. Vliestra, but did not succeed. Vliestra reached the shore, almost unconscious, after swimming three miles through the surf. Two other survivors, R. J. Davis, second engineer, and T. S. Donovan, a deck hand, were rescued by the Coll islanders. Another survivor, H. M. Jones, a fireman, came ashore on a raft. The tragedy occurred in almost the same area where the Fleetwood trawler, *Michael Griffin*, went down without a trace, with her crew of fifteen, on January 31.

A SPECTACULAR VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE KATMAI NATIONAL PARK OF ALASKA: *Above* and *on left*—Great volumes of smoke pouring from the Alaskan volcano, which began erupting on February 15. The peak itself was not identified, but it was near the famous volcano Mount Katmai, which has been quiet for over forty years. When Mount Katmai erupted in 1912 it covered Kodiak Island, 100 miles south-east, 2 ft. deep in ashes, and deposited 500 ft. of ashes on the valley below the cone. At that time two towns had to be evacuated. Military airmen watching the new eruption said that the valley was again being filled with ashes.

SALVAGING the WRECKED HERRING FLEET

Attempting to Make Good the Damage of the Storm in North-West Scotland

During the great gales in Northern Scotland, which wrought such havoc in the forests and along the coasts, twenty-seven herring drifters from Ullapool were blown ashore at various points in Loch Broom. Some of them may become a total loss, but others have been refloated successfully, after much hard work by all concerned.

Skippers and crews working with the salvage vessel *Gorse*, from Aberdeen, have had assistance in their tremendous task by Royal Navy and Army personnel and equipment, and "combined operations" are now progressing.

Farther up the loch is "Beach 13." Here thirteen boats were stranded, and a number of them can still be seen huddled together, some of them resting against each other, and making a tragic sight.

About sixty men from the boats and twelve shipwrights have been at work on this beach alone, preparing to refloat the vessels. "Refloat" is really too simple an expression for this operation. It is more like a second launching. Thousands of tons of boulders and shingle have had to be shifted by bull-dozers or by hand, and the salvage men have had to build a harbour for each boat before relaunching her broadside on.

Some of the stranded boats have already received "first-aid" repairs. The worst damaged are those in a rocky cove between Leckmelm and Ullapool. The *Star o' Buckan* from Ciarnbulg has had some of her planking reinforced, and she has been drawn off the jagged rocks which scarred her so badly.

Near by up the rocks lies the *Sandy Bay*, which will present one of the most difficult salvage tasks, and three other boats are wedged together among the rocks farther down the beach. It is known that several of the boats are holed.

NOW THEY CALL IT "13 BEACH": On this shore of Loch Broom, near Ullapool, North-West Scotland, thirteen of the twenty-seven Scottish herring-fishing vessels which broke loose from their moorings at Ullapool were cast ashore. Sixty fishermen and twelve shipwrights have since been hard at work on "Beach 13" attempting to fit the vessels for service once again.

"MARGARET REID" IS PREPARED FOR SEA: Fishermen and shipwrights are seen (above) getting the ship on to a more or less even keel before she was hauled into the water by the boom defence vessel *Barneath*. *On left*—The *Barneath* preparing to tow the *Margaret Reid*.

THE DRIFTER "BUCKIE" NESTLING BENEATH THE ROCKS ON THE SHORES OF LOCH BROOM: The herring drifter seen at the spot where she was cast ashore, and in the distance are four other drifters which were similarly made the playthings of the waves. Some of the drifters had the misfortune to be thrown by the waves on to jagged rocks, where they were holed.

THE "MARGARET REID" IS TOWED SIDEWAYS DOWN THE SLIPWAY PREPARED FOR HER: Only by placing her keel on rails and hauling on wire hawsers was it possible to bring the vessel down to the waters of Loch Broom from which she had been so rudely tossed.

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

British Helicopters in Holland; the Case of the "Miriella"; a Cricket Prodigy from Australia; Mrs. Davison and the "Felicity Ann"; Mr. Bevan in India; King Baudouin of Belgium; the Explosion on H.M.S. "Indomitable"

QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS RECEIVES HELICOPTER PILOTS WHO HELPED IN THE FLOOD RESCUE OPERATIONS—FIVE OF THE HELICOPTERS SEEN LANDING AT SOESTDIJK PALACE: As a gesture of appreciation of the help given by helicopter pilots during the flood rescue work in Holland, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard invited eighteen pilots to the Palace of Soestdijk. There were five British and eleven American helicopters at the Palace, as well as one from Belgium and one Dutch helicopter. Princess Margriet, who is ten years old, made a short flight over the Palace in one of the aircraft. During the rescue operations nine helicopters of the British Navy and thirteen belonging to the United States helped to save the lives of many hundreds of Dutch people.

A WIDOW ACHIEVES HER AMBITION AND CROSSES THE ATLANTIC SINGLE-HANDED IN HER YACHT "FELICITY ANN": Mrs. Davison is seen holding a bouquet presented to her when she arrived at Roseau, Dominica, in the West Indies. The *Felicity Ann* reached Portsmouth in the West Indies at the end of January, and from there Mrs. Davison sent a cablegram to a firm of shipbuilders in Plymouth, England, which stated that she had arrived safely. The message continued: "Tough crossing. F.A. superb." The thirty-eight-year-old British authoress left England in May last year, taking with her enough food and water to last ninety days. She also took with her a stock of cosmetics "to boost my morale." There was a temporary hitch soon after the start of the journey when the *Felicity Ann* developed engine trouble off the coast of Brittany and was forced to put in at Douarnenez for a few days for repairs.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY'S LEGAL BATTLE OVER THE CARGO OF THE ITALIAN OIL TANKER "MIRIELLA": At a court in Venice officials of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company begin discussions with the Court President, Enrico Mastrobuono, to obtain an injunction for impounding the 3,500 tons of Persian oil which the *Miriella* was unloading there. In this picture are, from left to right, the President; Mr. Kenneth Parke, the Company's chief legal adviser; Filippo Vassali, Pasquale Chiomenti and Filippo Ferri, three Italian lawyers of the Company; and Raoul Levis, another legal adviser. The President decided to make known his decision a fortnight later, and meanwhile the Italian Supor Company, charterers of the *Miriella*, undertook not to remove the oil from Venice until the decision was announced. It is understood that the Anglo-Iranian Company submitted that the oil was its property on the general grounds that judgment on the basis of the law of the country where the transaction has taken place does not apply in this case, the nationalisation provision by Persia being an illegal act.

EXCITED AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS SURROUNDING THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET PRODIGY, IAN CRAIG: The seventeen-year-old batsman will be the youngest member of the Australian cricket team to tour England this year in defence of the Ashes. Craig made cricket history when he was chosen to play in the fifth Test for Australia against South Africa when the South Africans astonished everyone by winning two of the Tests and drawing the series. The Australian team to visit England this year includes two more surprises. The first is that A. R. Morris, who lost the leadership of the New South Wales team this winter to K. R. Miller, comes as vice-captain, superseding Miller (vice-captain against South Africa) in this position. The other is the selection of J. Hill, a bowler of medium-paced top spin and leg-breaks.

On right—

THE SWEDISH SHIP "VIRGO" WHICH WAS DRIVEN ASHORE DURING THE GALES AND MOUNTAINOUS SEAS OF JANUARY 31: The 2,757-ton *Virgo* was beached on the coast of the Island of Vlieland, in Northern Holland, and the extremely difficult task of refloating her was postponed until the flood rescue operations in the South of Holland had been completed.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE INDIAN REPUBLIC, IN DELHI : Mr. Bevan met Dr. Rajendra Prasad during his three-week visit to India, where he stayed as a guest of the Indian Government.

Mr. Bevan's plea in Delhi for the creation of a third world *bloc* will have found many champions among the Indian leaders, who have long and traditionally sought "the middle way." "I believe," he said, "that not only for you but for mankind it is necessary that there should be a realignment of the forces of the world, that there should emerge a third *bloc* of nations holding the world balance of power and compelling the two giants to listen to what they have to say. Not only has India very many domestic accomplishments to her credit, but her voice in the counsels of the nations has recently been of the utmost importance. Though her advice has not always been accepted, do not make the mistake of supposing it has not had its influence.

"Though perhaps a change of policy may come from another nation, the initiative in changing the direction of forces can often come from nations like India. If India belonged to any one of the two *blocs* she would merely become a creature of one of them and have no influence on them." The Indian Prime Minister, however, was not so enthusiastic about the third *bloc*. Speaking later in the day after listening to Mr. Bevan, he said: "The idea of a third *bloc*, or third force, frightens or embarrasses people. Let us rather work to get as large an area as possible of countries which do not want to encourage war."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER FACES NEARLY 300 WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS AT HIS FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE SINCE TAKING OFFICE : There was some disappointment over the conference, which had been long awaited, since the President spent most of his time talking and very little in answering questions. In the field of Foreign Affairs he dealt with Communist China, the possession of the atomic bomb by Russia, secret international pacts and the problem of Korea. He also had much to say on domestic problems, especially those dealing with taxation.

There were four main points on foreign affairs in President Eisenhower's remarks at his first Press Conference since taking office. Firstly, as regards Communist China, while the problem was being considered from every aspect in several Government Departments, he was not, at present, considering a recommendation for a blockade. He also gave an assurance, which must have come as a great relief to many, that he would never take a grave foreign policy step without first consulting Congress. Secondly, so far as he was concerned, the statement that Russia has the atom bomb was absolutely true. His third point was that there was no intention to repudiate everything that might be understood by "secret agreements," but the United States had never agreed to the enslavement of any people. Finally, he did not think it would be possible to replace all United Nations forces in Korea with South Koreans, but so long as the United States had a responsibility in Korea and the situation was dangerous, some United Nations forces must remain. On taxation in the United States, he declared that he never would agree to the expiration on June 30 of the excess profits tax on corporations unless the revenue losses were made up by what he called a substitute.

THE TRAIN DISASTER AT BENEVENTO, BETWEEN NAPLES AND BARI, IN WHICH TWENTY-TWO PASSENGERS LOST THEIR LIVES : This picture shows the carriages lying on their sides after the train, an express, had run off the line. This was one of the worst Italian train disasters of recent years. Twenty-two people were killed outright and over 100 were injured, many of them seriously. Nine of the train's eleven coaches overturned, another striking a brick storehouse, and only the last coach remained upright. Rescue parties had great difficulty in extricating the survivors and the bodies of victims from the wreckage.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE "INDOMITABLE"—A PICTURE RECENTLY RELEASED, SHOWING SAILORS CLEARING UP AFTER THE PETROL EXPLOSION : The *Indomitable* was carrying out "flying off" exercises thirty miles off Malta when the explosion took place in a passage amidships. Two men were killed immediately by the blast, and a third was blown overboard. The frigate *Verulam* was at once detailed to search for the missing man, and although the search continued until nightfall, it was unsuccessful. Since the explosion occurred on February 3, five more men have died as a result of injuries.

On right—

THE BELGIAN PREMIER (CENTRE) ON ARRIVAL AT NICE, WHERE HE PAID A LIGHTNING VISIT TO KING BAUDOUIN : With M. Van Houtte, the Premier, is Henri Verwilghen (left), Chief of Cabinet, and M. Arzel, Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Alpes Maritimes Department. M. Van Houtte made his visit to Nice at a time when King Baudouin was under severe criticism from the Belgian Press, for returning to the Riviera while his country was struggling to overcome the recent flood disaster. On his return from Nice M. Van Houtte called an emergency Cabinet meeting and stated that the King had a chronically high temperature and that he would have to stay in a climate that would permit him to recover his health. During the course of last week King Baudouin had a conference with his aide-de-camp, General Dinjaert, and it is also reported that M. Hoyoit de Termicourt, an expert on constitutional matters, had talks with the King.

THE "ADJUSTABLE WING" RESEARCH AIRCRAFT SOLVES PROBLEMS OF THE AIR: The Short S.B. 5, which first flew last December, is seen in a characteristic "sit up and beg" landing attitude after a flight at an experimental establishment. The aircraft's main task is to investigate problems which arise in the handling of swept-back-wing high-speed aircraft. Difficulties are encountered in maintaining full and immediate control of swept-wing aircraft at low speeds, owing to a tendency of the airflow to break away or "spill" in the region of the wing tips, thus causing loss of stability and a tendency for the controls to appear not to respond at critical speeds, such as when taking-off or landing. The S.B. 5 has been designed so that varying degrees of sweep back can be applied to the wings. This is achieved by fitting alternative components, and four configurations can be tested. The tail plane can also be placed in position either at the extreme top of the fin or below the rear part, and its angle of incidence is variable. When in flight the angle of incidence can be set to any desired angle between 10 degs. above or below the horizontal. Full-span leading-edge flaps are fitted and the wings are of all-metal construction, with plywood covering and trailing edges. The S.B. 5, which has been designed and built by Short Brothers and Harland, Ltd., of Belfast, is powered by a single Rolls-Royce Derwent jet engine, which is placed well aft of the pilot.

NEW SHAPES IN THE SKY

The "Adjustable Wing" Research Aircraft Starting Her Tests; Two New Russian Jet-fighters; the First Delta-wing Seaplane; and the Radar-controlled F94-B

THE RUSSIAN MIG-17—SUCCESSOR TO THE SINGLE-ENGINED MIG-15: This aircraft, a twin-engined jet-fighter, is said to have a top speed of 650 m.p.h. and a service ceiling of 50,000 ft. It is described as being designed "for both interception and all-weather operations."

A NEW RUSSIAN JET-FIGHTER OF "FLYING BARREL" DESIGN: An American source says that little is known about this new plane—the MIG-19—except that it is a "high-performance interceptor probably not yet in production."

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER WHICH HAS DONE MAGNIFICENT WORK AGAINST COMMUNIST AIRCRAFT IN KOREA: This is the United States Air Force's F94-B Starfire, the all-weather night fighter which has been destroying enemy planes in Korea with the help of radar. Like the Skynight aircraft, which is used by U.S. Navy fliers for the same purpose, the Starfire is guided to its target by radar control, the radar taking over from the pilot when the enemy plane comes within range. The guns are also radar-aimed.

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE WORLD'S FIRST DELTA-WING SEAPLANE ON SHORE: A view of the United States Navy's XF2Y-1 Sea-Dart jet-fighter, which has been built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. This picture was taken after the aircraft had completed a taxi-run in San Diego Bay, bordering the Corporation's seaplane ramp. The Sea-Dart is the first combat-type aircraft in the United States employing "hydro-skis" for better performance in landing and taking-off on rough water.

COMBATING MAU MAU

New Police Posts Are Brought Into Being in the Kikuyu Country

Last week the Kenya Legislature heard that the emergency is now costing the country between £200,000 and £250,000 per month, and at the same time the Council was asked to approve supplementary estimates for £1,500,000. Some of this extra money is needed for the expansion of the Kenya prisons department, some is being spent in compensating farmers for the expense of farm guards, and there is undoubtedly a big expenditure on new police posts in the Kikuyu country, some of which are seen under construction in the pictures reproduced on this page.

During recent weeks the need for these extra police posts has been demonstrated almost daily as Mau Mau crimes have increased, many of them directed against members of the Kikuyu in an effort to bring more of the tribesmen into active participation in the Mau Mau campaign. Crimes against white farmers have also continued, and there have been disturbing reports that the police themselves have become involved in acts of savagery towards those whom they have rounded up.

The biggest success yet registered against Mau Mau gangs occurred on February 16 in the Fort Hall District, when a small police party saw and challenged fifteen armed Kikuyu. The gang tried to escape and were fired upon. Nine Kikuyu were killed and one was captured.

MAU MAU SUSPECTS ARE HERDED INTO A BARBED-WIRE-SURROUNDED CAGE AT ONE OF THE COMPLETELY NEW POLICE POSTS IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE : This post is at Githumu and has an elaborate system of defences. New posts and stockades are being built almost every day, and native trackers, dogs and aircraft are being used in the round-up operations.

A POLICE PATROL PLANE FLYING ABOVE THE KIKUYU COUNTRY : In the foreground men are seen at work building an extension to the police post at Kandara. The main stockade for prisoners is in the centre.

A NEW POLICE POST BESIDE THE MAIN ROAD IN THE FORT HALL DISTRICT : There are about a dozen rondavels within the post, and in the very centre is the barbed-wire stockade where prisoners are held before questioning immediately after they have been brought in from the bush.

NATIVE LABOUR AT WORK ON THE POLICE POST AT KANDARA : A gang of men building one of the rondavels in the post. While some of the men work on the timber skeleton of the building, others sort out the thatch which will be used to cover the roof.

A CHECK-POINT ON THE ROAD NEAR THIKA : Here the native police have created a simple but effective barrier by setting up two spiked boards which contain 6-in. nails capable of stopping any fast-moving vehicle.

SKI-ING AGAIN ON THE SCOTTISH HILLS: The light of the setting sun gilds the ridges in this lovely Arctic view westwards from Carn Liath over Loch Laggan to the western peaks. With the return of ideal weather conditions ski enthusiasts have been out in force on the hilltops.

From mid-February onwards is the best time for ski-ing in Scotland. The violent gales of winter that pack the corries with deep snow have begun to abate, and the sun, when it shines, has a genial warmth. Scotland is now getting organised for ski-ing. Whether due to the meagre £25 allowance that makes a good Continental holiday impossible or whether due to a succession of good snowy winters it is hard to say, but each week-end sees hundreds of skiers out on the Scottish Bens.

The new cheap fare "Starlight Express" service from Glasgow and London should give the Sassenach a chance to share the wonderful beauty of winter sport on Scottish hills.

There is a prevailing wildness about Scotland that is akin to the great spaces of Arctic Lapland. Colours are marvellously rich, from the mellow bronze of bracken and withered heather with flashing lochs and streams, to the striking contrasts of glistening snow mantling the high tops.

The Scottish and Dundee Ski Clubs have revolutionised Scottish ski-ing by the introduction of a Weasel for carrying skis uphill and ski-tows for pulling up the climber. These innovations are instituted on the slopes of Ben Lawers, in Perthshire, and on the slopes above Glen Shee, in Angus. Both districts are easily reached by high-climbing motor-roads.

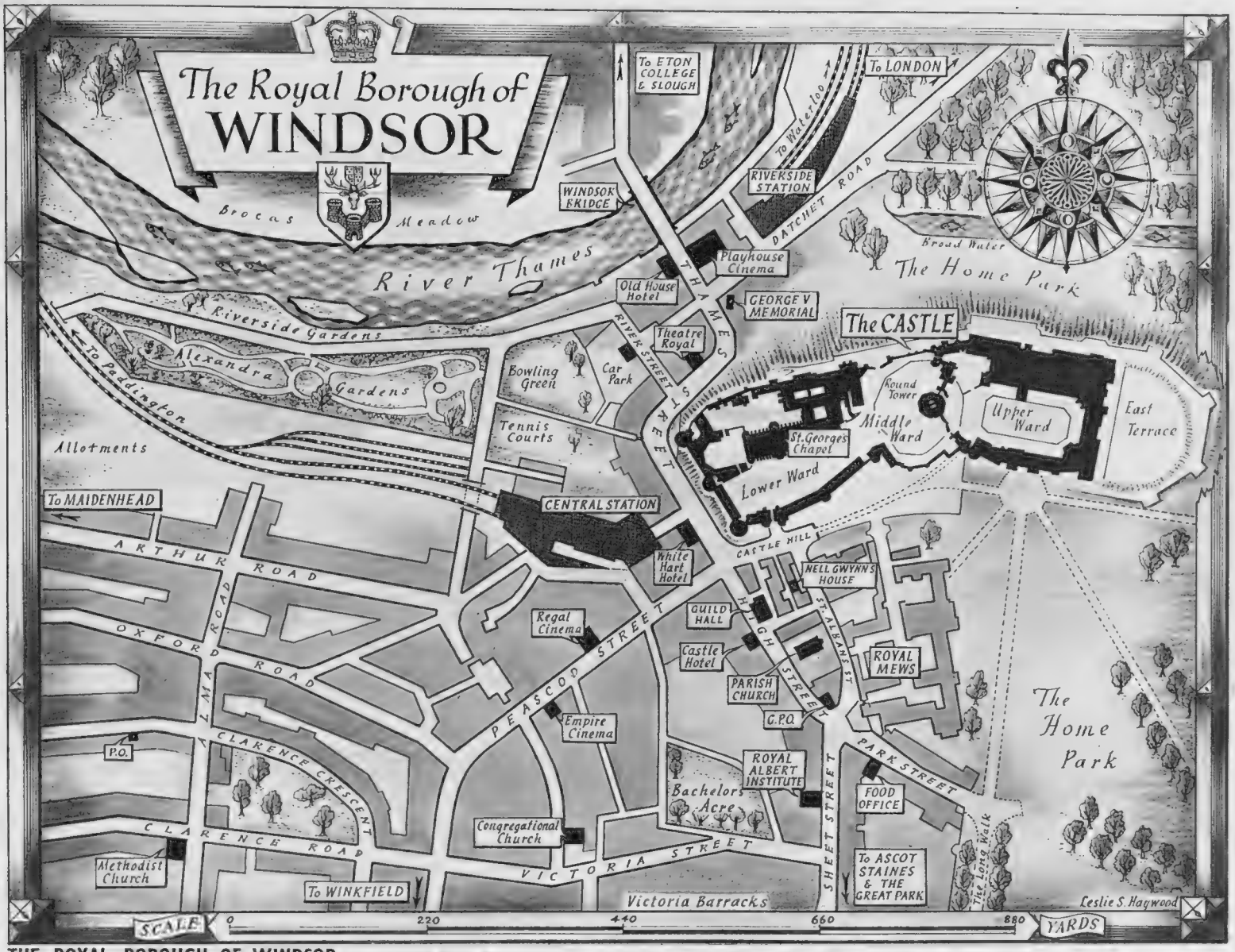
ALPINISTS IN SCOTLAND

Heavy Snowfalls Have Again Transformed the Scottish Hills; Offering Ideal Conditions for Ski-ing and Mountain-rescue Practice

A PLACE OF SNOWY DESOLATION, BUT A PARADISE FOR THE SKI ENTHUSIAST: These mountain-tops above Drumochter Pass, Dalwhinnie, are reminiscent of Lapland with their vast bare distances. In spite of its appearance this is a most accessible spot for skiers, who can reach the foot of the peaks by road.

AN R.A.F. MOUNTAIN-RESCUE PARTY ON EXERCISE IN THE CAIRNGORMS: The "stretcher case" is being carried through the famous Larig Ghru—the gloomy pass—after a blizzard had laid a carpet of deep snow. Mountain-rescue units were formed during the last war to help survivors from aircraft crashing in the mountains.

SETTING OFF FOR THE SNOWS AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE SPEY, NEAR LAGGAN BRIDGE, INVERNESS-SHIRE: Snow cover has been general, but Inverness-shire and Perthshire are still the most accessible for week-end sportsmen.



THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF WINDSOR—A SKETCH-MAP BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD, SHOWING THE ROYAL CASTLE IN RELATION TO THE TOWN AND TO THE HOME PARK: The original Castle was constructed about 1070, and it was under Henry II (1154-89) that the Round Tower and the outer wall of the Castle were built in stone. The Castle has only twice been besieged, both occasions being during the reign of one of Henry II's sons.

WINDSOR IN CORONATION YEAR

The Royal Borough That Lies Beneath the Castle Walls Has a Life Very Much of its Own, Although Never Forgetful of the Honour of Being the Home of The Queen

By JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

THE flags will be out in the Royal Borough of New Windsor on the second Saturday after Coronation Day, and rejoicing crowds will line the streets. There will have been other Windsor celebrations before this, but June 13 will be the big occasion. That afternoon, as the town's clocks chime half-past four, the newly-crowned Queen, Elizabeth of the House of Windsor, will drive in an open horse-drawn landau across the bridge from Eton. Up the hill to tumultuous cheering and official but heartfelt welcomings Her Majesty will come. And then at last into Windsor Castle.

From the majestic Round Tower which dominates the great grey walls will fly the brave red, blue and gold Royal Standard—a mighty flag 12 ft. long and 6 ft. high, signifying that the Sovereign has come home. And that night, on the bosom of the placid Thames below, will be held a water frolic, the first for many years. Decorated boats will pass in procession, and as dusk begins to fall, a festival of lanterns will shimmer its reflections across the wide waters.

Record-breaking crowds of visitors will throng the Castle precincts, the Curfew Tower, and the medieval "perpendicular" glories of St. George's Chapel, the Chapel of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, this Coronation year. (The State Apartments will be open also when Her Majesty is not in residence.) With the high efficiency of modern monarchic institutions in Britain, all within Windsor Castle will nevertheless be calm and orderly.

But the town of Windsor will rock to the shock. A tidal wave of thronging thousands greater than ever before will assault its narrow streets. Early this year, the newly-elected president of the Windsor Chamber of Trade, Alderman R. H. Tozer, said: "Windsor is a household word throughout the world. But we have our limitations . . . we lack certain amenities." The honour of being the immemorial home-town of Britain's Royalty is overwhelming—and so is the snowfall of ice-cream cartons which in summer the visiting public leaves behind.

Windsor has other problems, too: housing, the menace of being "swallowed" by London, even the need for a swimming-bath. Its troubles cannot all be laid at the Castle door. But life in a small riverside town is made no easier by the preoccupation through the centuries of having the busiest and most dignified Castle in the world as neighbour. And the floods of visitors—50,000 in a summer week-end is not unusual—are not an unmixed blessing as they might be, say, to a seaside town with pier, cinemas, fun fair and fish-and-chip parlours to part them pleasurably and profitably from their cash.

WINDSOR GUILDHALL, IN THE CENTRE OF THE HIGH STREET: The building was designed by Sir Thomas Fitz, Surveyor to the Cinque Ports, and was begun in 1686. On his death Sir Christopher Wren, an illustrious son of Windsor, succeeded him as architect.

Not as a resort but a stronghold was New Windsor planned originally. There was a hunting-lodge at Old Windsor, which remains a village still. Two miles to the north-west was a stark chalk hill. William the Conqueror saw it as the ideal site for one of his chain of castles around London. On the mound where the Round Tower now stands he raised a wooden building, and through the chalk 165 ft. to river level sank a well to provide water for the defenders.

The Castle was besieged for the second and last time just before King John signed Magna Carta at near-by Runnymede. The first Elizabeth reconstructed the North Terrace, and walked there daily in all weathers. The decapitated corpse of Charles was "lost" in St. George's. Cromwell ejected the canons and stored guns. Charles II laid out the Long Walk with elms (felled and replanted in 1945) and brought home Nell Gwynn. And George IV spent a million pounds, greatly ennobling the Castle's skyline.

The town of tradesmen that grew up to supply the Castle clustered to the west and south. Two fairs were held annually in the Middle Ages to celebrate the feasts of St. George and St. John the Baptist (patron saints respectively of the Castle chapel and the parish church); the market stalls became in time the shops and houses of Church Street and Market Street. The original White Hart was built about this time, and next it was the favourite haunt of Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the famous Garter Inn, burnt down in 1681. A few years later Sir Christopher Wren (a Windsor man) completed the present

(*Continued on following pages*)

WINDSOR IN CORONATION YEAR

THE GRACIOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDINGS OF PARK STREET, A THOROUGHFARE WHICH LEADS TO WINDSOR'S LONG WALK AND ULTIMATELY TO THE GREAT PARK: Windsor owed so much to George III that it is impossible to walk in any part of the centre of the town without seeing fine examples of the building of his era. Park Street was one of the six or seven thoroughfares of Windsor which in eighteenth-century days were cleansed, paved and lighted after the enlightened manner of London

"OLDE WORLDE" CHARM IN MARKET STREET: The Three Tuns was once Trinity Hall, the meeting hall of the merchants' guild of the Holy Trinity. Just on the left of the picture is the Town Hall.

NELL GWYNN'S HOUSE, A CROOKED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DWELLING, IN WHICH THE KING'S FAVOURITE IS REPUTED TO HAVE LIVED UNTIL 1680: Later Nell moved to a house east of St. Alban's Street which takes its name from her son, by King Charles II, who was created Duke of St. Albans

(*Continued from previous page*)

Guildhall, with its architectural jest. The building seemed unsafe to the townspeople, so Wren built more supporting pillars in the open part below, the Corn Market. But he left an inch space between the top of them and the ceiling which the citizens feared would sag. Three hundred years later the space is still there!

Wren used the nightly post and the regular coaching service to and from London. Then two railway lines arrived in 1850, and the red-brick walls of the Riverside Station were adorned with ugly hieroglyphics in black brick, of which "VR" and "PA" were two. (Queen Victoria had, at the end of the station, a turreted royal waiting-room which has now become a Christian Science church.) The town's growth accelerated. Confined by Crown lands and the River Thames, it spread in the only direction possible—westwards—leaving its "centre" on its extreme eastern edge.

From the 1,000 people of three centuries ago, New Windsor had grown to 5,000 in 1800. Now it is pressing on towards 25,000, though experts predicted 23,780 for twenty years hence! The typical results are that there are 800 applications on the housing list and 150 applications for private building licences. Very little land is now left for future development. But on its new Imperial Road and Manor Farm sites the Council is erecting another 350 dwellings. Council tenants are allowed to buy their houses, three-quarters of the Council of forty members now being Conservatives, although the Borough had a small Labour majority in 1945. The question is: who is to inhabit the houses?

Among the local industries are optical instrument and camera manufacturing, woodworking, printing, light engineering and laundries. The barracks house a couple of thousand Guardsmen, with their hospital, etc. Most of the old houses of the Court are now converted into flats, but a light sprinkling of the leisured and moneyed classes remain. One side of Park Street is inhabited almost entirely by Palace employees, who work at either Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle as required. Many girls and boys on bicycles go through Eton to work at Slough, and there is a daily export of white-collar workers to London.

"Windsor is a town in its own right," says the Town Clerk, J. E. Siddall, "but the pressure of London is coming this way. Our problem is to avoid becoming a dormitory; to maintain our character as a borough.

WINDSOR, LOOKING ACROSS THE TOWN, THE CASTLE AND THE HOME PARK TO THE BANKS OF THE THAMES AND BEYOND TO ETON: In the middle distance on the left is the Central Station, linking Windsor with Paddington, and also on the left of the picture, beside the river, is the Riverside Station linking Windsor with Waterloo. On Castle Hill, to the left of the Round Tower, is St. George's Chapel, where the funeral service for King George VI was held last year. On the right is the Upper Ward, which is approached through the George IV. Gateway. To the extreme right of this part of the Castle are the East Terrace Gardens. Windsor has been a burial-place of Britain's Kings since the days of Edward IV, but not the only place, for at Westminster Abbey lie eighteen of Britain's monarchs, including Queen Elizabeth.

SOME OF THE NEW HOUSES FOR ESTATE WORKERS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: The model village came into being when George VI decided to bring as many of his employees as possible on to one estate, thus saving travelling time.

THE OLD MARKET CROSS HOUSE: This crooked little house beside the Town Hall, now used as a lawyer's office, has had an eventful history, since the first record of its habitation was made in the civic files in 1656. In 1718, Silas Bradbury, the occupier at that time, had to face the violent opposition of the Mayor of Windsor when he planned to make alterations to the place, the Mayor disputing his title to Market Cross House and actually putting a fence round it in order to stop Bradbury from gaining entry.

Love of the town is reassuringly strong among local people. The Windsor and Eton Society looks after cultural matters. When the *Windsor, Slough and Eton Express* recently published a quiz competition on Windsor there was a large entry. (The answers listed Mrs. Edith Dalton, of 33, Albany Road, as the oldest resident, but tactfully omitted to mention the lady's years!) As a contrast, a similar quiz was said to have evoked almost no response from Slough.

The controversy over the lack of swimming-bath facilities arose apparently when a backwater previously used was frowned upon by medical opinion because the Thames River water was not fit to drink—this being the criterion for swimming water! Result: the public is now free to drown itself by swimming without facilities, as well as to catch what diseases it may from "polluted" water. But it does so without official recognition. Windsor Swimming Club has its headquarters on an island not far from the old official public swimming-place, its members' health, perhaps, being preserved by the tonic and germicidal qualities of the beer in their bar!

The Thames in summer is as much a resort as the town. Steamers and launches ply up and down, and private boats hire out from the promenade and Romney Lock. "What annoys the Council more than anything, I think," said an outspoken citizen, "is that they can't have big turnstiles at the station, the coach parks and the landing-stages to profit from the crowds of visitors." Some revenue is, however, derived from the rates of inns and teashops, car park fees, and from licences for riverside stalls selling refreshments, ice-cream and fruit.

Mayor and Corporation are very much alive to their responsibility. On the first Sunday of every month they walk in procession down Windsor High Street from the Guildhall to the Parish Church of St. John the Baptist. Alderman Tozer, President of the Chamber of Trade, now Deputy Mayor and previously Mayor, was the moving spirit behind the 1951 renovation of the Guildhall. It had been the Food Office. The permanent exhibition of Windsor history on the ground-floor (including the sedan chair which once plied on Castle Hill) attracted 24,000 visitors last summer. Upstairs is the Guildhall Chamber which, with Royal Arms and railed dais, looks like a court. Displayed on the Guildhall wall are the names and dates of *nine hundred* Mayors of Windsor, which must, incidentally, give each holder of this office a proper perspective of his relative importance!

(*Concluded on following page*)

WINDSOR IN CORONATION YEAR

THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR : While often staying at Windsor Castle, the late King George VI showed a marked preference for Royal Lodge, and it was there that he went during his convalescence after the serious operation he underwent in the autumn before his death.

THE WOODLAND GARDENS OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK : When the azaleas and rhododendrons are in bloom the Park is a truly wonderful sight. This picture was taken near the Bishopsgate entrance at Parkside.

THE LONG WALK, WITH WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND : The Long Walk covers nearly three miles. It was once flanked by a magnificent double avenue of elms, but these had to be removed owing to their great age. They have been replaced by young trees.

THE THREE TUNS HOTEL, IN THE HEART OF WINDSOR, NEAR THE TOWN HALL : This former meeting-place of the guilds is approached across an ancient cobbled way. In recent years the Windsor Council has given much forethought to the problem of preserving the older houses in the heart of the town, among them twenty-four Elizabethan dwellings.

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The election is held in May, and the present Mayor is Alderman Cyril Dyson, jeweller and horologist, whose shop in Thames Street is said to be the only place in England where there is a clock (illuminated at night) set flat in the pavement. The clocks of Windsor Castle are in Dyson's care, and with previous members of the family he has held the Royal Warrant for the last four reigns. (Traditionally the present Queen will issue none until she has been on the throne three years.)

Alderman Dyson read a message of allegiance last year from the Borough to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in their private apartments. He read "a Proclamation touching the Coronation" on the steps of the Guildhall, and (if re-elected) will read the address of welcome to the Queen on June 13.

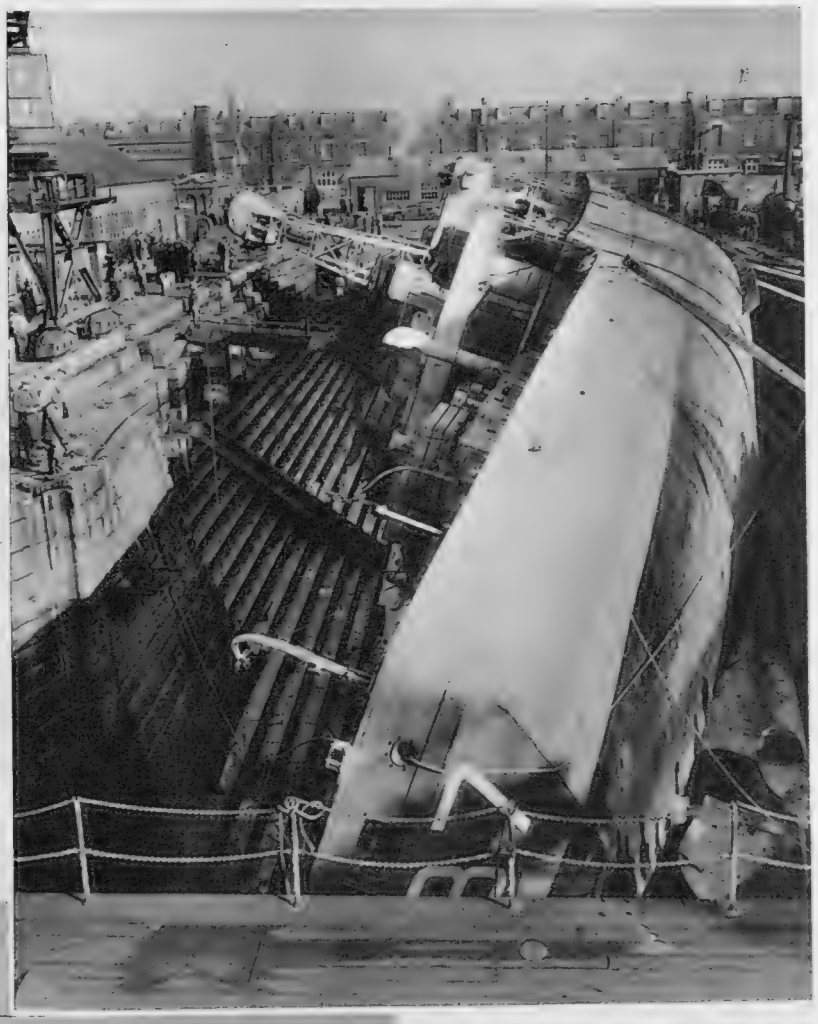
Before then, the Royal Borough of New Windsor will be well launched upon Coronation Year activities to attract even more of the visitors which are such a problem. Mercifully, Windsor will stage no such public burnings as once inspired the Vicar of Bray (a few miles up-river) to make the song's resolution. But the Royal Horse Show will be held on May 14-16 in the sylvan setting of Windsor Home Park, which the Queen lends to the town. And then on June 6 a carnival will cavalcade through the town.

Next morning the Veteran Car Rally will also pass in procession through Windsor to the Park. On June 13, as if to carry to London the tidings of the Queen's expected arrival that afternoon, the Polytechnic Harriers will start from the Castle at half-past two on their annual marathon. And the thousands that come to see all these events will be looking, too, at Nell Gwynn's House, Hadleigh House, in Sheet Street, where Fanny Burney stayed, and the picturesque black-and-white Market Cross House.

The Royal Borough of New Windsor, half as old as Christianity, will be en fete and full to bursting as never before through the reigns of forty monarchs. The public will throng the tea and gift shops, and see no irony in the price ticket in one picture-shop window which announces "Kings and queens, 2s. 7d. each."

HADLEIGH HOUSE IS ONLY ONE ROOM THICK : Although its history is obscure, Hadleigh House, in Sheet Street, is perhaps Windsor's most interesting example of domestic architecture. Like a doll's house, it is but one room thick from basement to attic, an eccentricity which allows for a handsome central staircase branching off right and left on each storey into a spacious room. According to tradition, Hadleigh House was built by command of Queen Anne for her personal physician, and the latter planned the main approach to it from the Long Walk. A subsequent objection forced him to create the entrance on the Sheet Street side.

THE CAPSIZED WARSHIP "BERKELEY CASTLE" READY TO BE REFLOATED IN SHEERNESS DOCKYARD, WHERE SHE WAS OVERTAKEN BY A TIDAL WAVE: A workman making fast a hawser before the lifting operation began last week. It took exactly twenty-two minutes to refloat her, but much work still remains to be done to the frigate.



THE "BERKELEY CASTLE" ON HER BEAM ENDS: This is another view of the Royal Naval frigate before the righting operations so successfully carried out at Sheerness. As a prelude to lifting operations the *Berkeley Castle's* bows had to be burnt away with oxy-acetylene apparatus, as they were resting on the coping of the dry-dock.

A FRIGATE AFLOAT AGAIN

How the "Berkeley Castle," a Victim of the Floods, Was Righted in Dock at Sheerness

When the floodwaters swept through the Royal Naval Dockyard at Sheerness, flooding it to a depth of 3 ft., the two dry-docks were involved, and at the time both of them contained warships. In one dock was the frigate *Berkeley Castle*, which fell on her beam ends through the collapse of the shoring round her, and the other was the submarine *Sirdar*, which, having several of her plates removed, sank on her side amid the floodwaters. Both ships have now been made watertight and refloated. The operation on the *Berkeley Castle* was particularly tricky. The first attempt to right her did not succeed, and on Monday of last week she could still be seen with her decks vertical, her mast horizontal and her stem resting on the granite coping at the head of the dock, her starboard bilge keel pointed to the skies and the port bilge keel entangled amid the wreckage somewhere out of sight at the bottom of the dock. This was, as the assistant chief constructor at Sheerness observed, "a most unconventional position." The first task of the salvage men was to make the *Berkeley Castle* watertight and buoyant by plugging holes in her decks and shell plating. Then, despite the fact that the vessel was still weighted with water in some places, although buoyant in others, the water was allowed to flow into the dock, and twenty-two minutes later the *Berkeley Castle* suddenly rolled upright, setting up such a swirl of waters in the dock that it almost seemed as if she was at sea.

On left—

THE FRIGATE ONCE MORE AFLOAT: The *Berkeley Castle* seen after the righting operation had been accomplished. To turn a vessel of 1,000 tons the right way up is no mean feat, and Sheerness Dockyard officials are inclined to think that this is the first time it has ever been accomplished by the Royal Navy.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WITH COVERED GRANDSTANDS FLANKING THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL AND THE FIRST OF THE STEEL ARCHWAYS STANDING AT THE HEAD OF THE MALL: This is one of the scale models of parts of the Coronation route which have been prepared by members of the architectural staff of the Ministry of Works and was exhibited in London last week at a Press Conference presided over by the Minister of Works. The archways for The Mall have been designed by the Ministry's chief architect.

THE 1,000 YARDS OF LONDON'S ROYAL HIGHWAY, THE MALL, STRETCHING FROM ADMIRALTY ARCH TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The outstanding feature of The Mall will be the four graceful arches designed by Mr. Eric Bedford. They are of tubular steel and the twin spans intersect 65 ft. above the ground. At his Press Conference last week, the Minister of Works declared that The Mall offered the best chance on the route to create that blend of majesty and gaiety which so truly represents our Queen.

LONDON'S CORONATION DECORATIONS

A Preview of Plans by the Ministry of Works for Adorning the Route of the Royal Procession

Sir Hugh Casson's plans for decorating the streets of Westminster have been before the public since last autumn, the Bond Street Association has announced its own individual projects for brightening that thoroughfare, while Kensington, Holborn and other Central London Boroughs have all put forward individual schemes of much interest and originality.

Now comes news from the Minister of Works of the actual decor planned for the Coronation processional route, and last week Mr. Eccles showed by means of a series of models exactly what his Ministry had in mind for The Mall, Whitehall (the road and pavements of which, however, are Westminster's responsibility), Parliament Square and elsewhere on the route.

The Mall, Mr. Eccles indicated, offers the best opportunities for a bold and imaginative display, and there is no doubt that the series of triumphal arches, flanked by the greenery of the trees, and flanked again by the colour and animation of the stands, will prove a truly noble sight, particularly if the great day is one of sunshine.

Flowers will play a very prominent part in the scheme of things, and Mr. Eccles has emphasised that these will be seen as usual to great advantage in front of the stands on the semi-circular area of ground flanking the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. The geraniums will be of the variety "Gustav Emich."

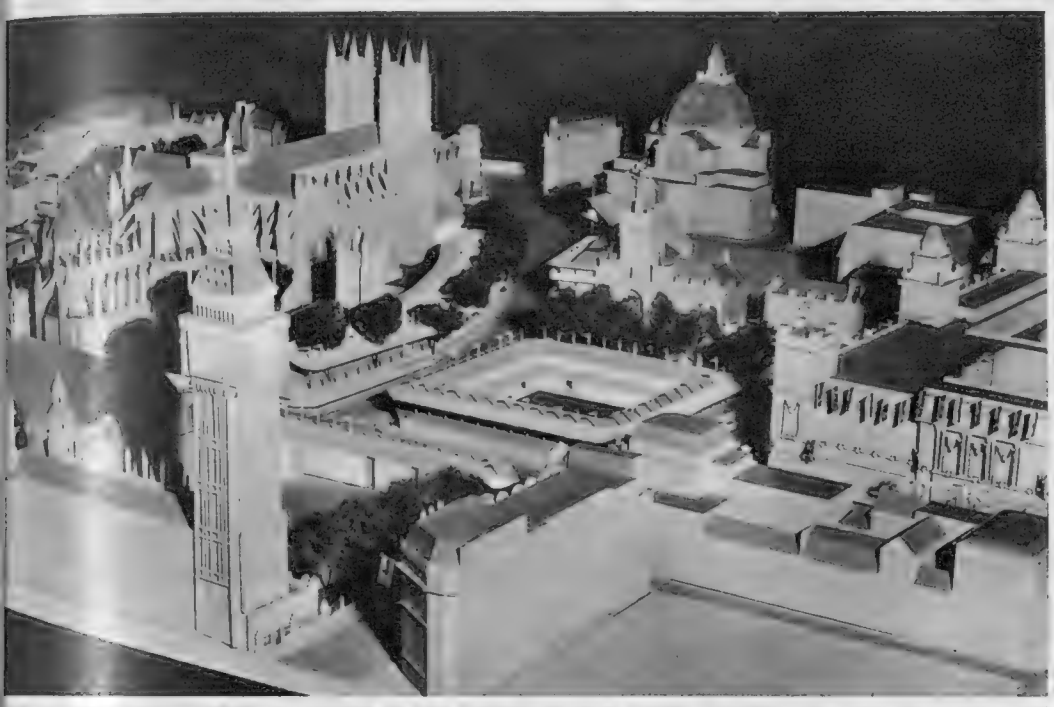
Masses of plants and flowers will be seen also in the vicinity of the Duke of York's steps, Hyde Park Corner, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Treasury, Parliament Square and the entrance to the Abbey Annexe. Apparently the greenhouses in the Royal Parks are bulging with plants, which are being nursed forward for the Coronation period.

The Admiralty Arch will be another key point in the decor, and there a magnificent great white ensign will float above the crowds. The Arch will probably have a centre-piece composed of the Royal cipher in red and gold, flanked by a pair of anchors.

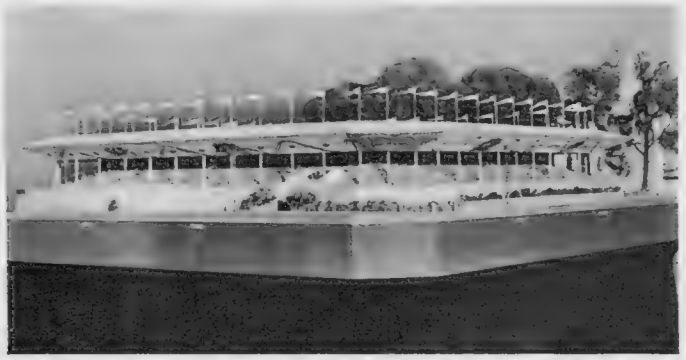
Decorations in Trafalgar Square are to be simple, for nearly every available inch of the Square will be occupied by people, but the buildings round about—Canada House and South Africa House and the National Gallery—should make a fine show.

ADDING TO THE SPLENDOUR OF THE MALL : This is a close-up of one of the four tubular steel archways which will adorn the processional route. The tubular steel is latticed in places with fan-shaped designs of gold cane, and the archways are to be surmounted by lions and unicorns of steel tubing filled in with wire mesh. These figures will add 20 ft. to the height of the arch above the point where the spans intersect.

THE MINISTER OF WORKS PRESIDES AT A PRESS CONFERENCE : Mr. David Eccles giving his third progress report on the Coronation decorations, in which he declared his department was well up to schedule in its preparations. He let it be known that the decorations would probably be allowed to remain in place for ten days after the Coronation ceremonial.

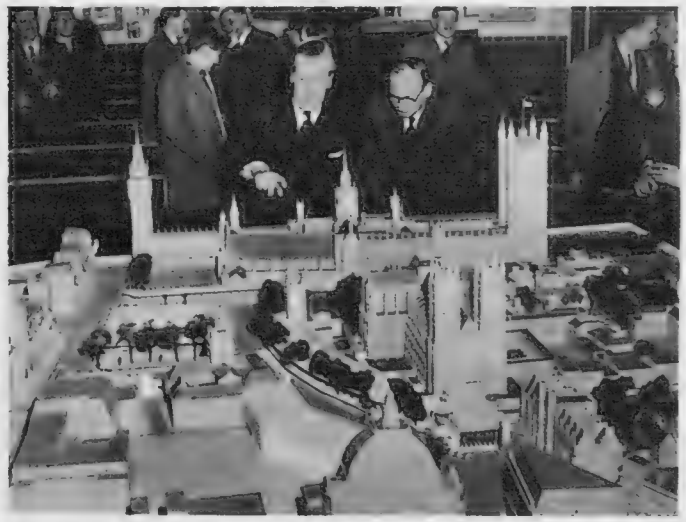


THE QUADRILATERAL GROUP OF STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF PARLIAMENT SQUARE : Here the decorations will represent the Commonwealth and Empire, and leading representatives from the Commonwealth will have seats in this group of stands, as they will also in the Broad Sanctuary near by. Members of both Houses of Parliament and their friends will occupy stands being set up in New Palace Yard.



WHERE THE COMMONWEALTH MOTIF WILL BE REPRESENTED IN THE DECOR : This is an impression of the stands in Parliament Square.

THE ROYAL COACH ARRIVING AT THE ABBEY ANNEXE : The annexe has been built in the Broad Sanctuary to provide assembly space for the formation of the Coronation procession. It projects into the Broad Sanctuary from the base of the north-west tower of the Abbey, and is lit by a large window divided into vertical panels facing down Victoria Street. The annexe is flanked by stand accommodation.



THE MINISTER OF WORKS AND THE MINISTRY'S CHIEF ARCHITECT : Mr. Eccles and Mr. Eric Bedford examining one of the models of the Coronation route, showing the environs of the Abbey.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WHERE ONE OF THE GREATEST SECTIONS OF THE CORONATION DAY CROWD WILL BE ACCOMMODATED : As the procession will be seen three times in this Square special precautions will have to be taken to prevent undue crowd pressure. At the Coronation of King George VI, an elaborate system of barriers was set up at the entrances to the Square.

Home News in Pictures

PANCAKE DAY IN ENGLAND

Coronation Stands at Westminster; Mr. Butler and the International Bank; the Launch of the "Hermes"; Opening an Ancient Mart in King's Lynn; the Severn Bore

MRS. ISOBEL DIX WINNING THE ANNUAL SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE AT OLNEY, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: Thirteen housewives competed in the 415-yard sprint, carrying their pancakes in frying-pans, and Mrs. Dix was an easy winner, covering the course in 1 min. 7.2 secs. This was 1.8 sec. less than the time of Mrs. Binnie Dick, the winner at Liberal, Kansas, where a pancake race is held over a similar course simultaneously with the Olney race. Mrs. Dix will receive a pressure cooker from the rival American town in recognition of her achievement. Throughout the land Pancake Tuesday was celebrated in the full traditional manner. At Tyneside 200 engineering apprentices downed tools and lost half-a-day's pay to go home for their pancakes, a custom dating back to the days when boys who paid to learn a trade took an unofficial half-holiday to show their independence. At Wirksworth, Derbyshire, the custom of ringing the church bells was observed to remind housewives to make their pancakes.

A GOLDEN GUINEA IS THE REWARD FOR THE WINNER OF THE PANCAKE "GREAZE" AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, LONDON: Brian Griffiths, winner of the "greaze," or scramble, with the piece of pancake he managed to retrieve from the scrum, and the golden guinea—only a token guinea these days—which was his prize. On the left is Mr. Sellars, the school chef. Brian is a member of Busby's House, which has won the "greaze" six times. This traditional pancake day event at Westminster School has been going on for about 200 years, but no one really knows how it began.

FOUR WOULD-BE WOMEN RADIO COMMENTATORS TAKE PART IN AN AUDITION BY THE B.B.C. OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: From left to right are: Margot Lovell, Phyl Weir, Margaret Brinkman and Cynthia Stracey. Their test was to describe the scene outside Buckingham Palace where the Queen was holding an Investiture. At the moment only one outside woman commentator is employed by the B.B.C.

CORONATION STANDS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE SITE OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, IN LONDON: Work on the Coronation stands on all sections of the processional route is now well under way and up to schedule. The actual construction of the stands will be finished a good time before the Coronation procession in June, although the finishing touches will not be added until just before the Coronation. Sir Ian Fraser, President of the British Legion, has now announced plans that will enable disabled ex-Servicemen to see the Coronation procession. Chairs for a number of the more badly disabled ex-Servicemen will be provided free, round the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. These seats will be allocated by ballot among applicants to the Ministry of Pensions.

MR. R. A. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WITH MR. EUGENE BLACK (ON RIGHT), PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BANK FOR RECONSTRUCTION, AFTER THEY HAD LUNCHED AT NO. 11, DOWNING STREET: Among those present at the luncheon, which was given in honour of Mr. Black, were Viscount Swinton and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P. Mr. Black was visiting this country en route to the Middle East, where he is to tour, and had several informal talks with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. One of the subjects under discussion was the British Government's aim to make £60,000,000 available to the International Bank for lending to other British Commonwealth countries.

MRS. CHURCHILL SPEAKING AT THE LAUNCHING OF H.M.S. "HERMES" AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS—STANDING BEHIND MRS. CHURCHILL, WITH HIS HANDS FOLDED, IS MR. J. P. L. THOMAS, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: The 18,300-ton aircraft-carrier, which was launched by Mrs. Churchill from the Vickers Armstrong Yard, is the tenth ship to bear the name "Hermes" and has many features which make her the most up-to-date carrier in the world. She is the first British carrier to embody these post-war developments: the angled deck and the steam catapult, two recent British developments, and the side lift, an American invention which facilitates the movement of aircraft between the hangars and the flight deck during flying operations. The new *Hermes* has a total length of 741 ft. 6 ins. and a beam of 90 ft. Her speed will be about 30 knots—some 5 knots more than that of earlier light fleet carriers, and she will take a wartime complement of about 1,400 men, most of them sleeping in bunks instead of hangars. With the launching of the *Hermes* there are now no aircraft-carriers remaining on the stocks of British yards.

OPENING THE 800-YEAR-OLD MART AT KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK: The Mayor, Alderman C. A. Freestone, reading the proclamation at the opening of the ancient mart in the Market Place at King's Lynn, the historic Norfolk town which suffered so badly in the recent flood disaster. Once the mart was held chiefly for the sale of goods, but now it is held simply for amusement. The first ride on the roundabouts goes traditionally to the Mayor and his party, after the ceremonial opening.

THE CEREMONIAL MARCH THROUGH SCARBOROUGH OF THE GREEN HOWARDS: The regiment marched with flags flying and bands playing, their right of way having been granted with the Freedom of Scarborough. The salute was taken on Foreshore Road by the Mayor of Scarborough, Councillor J. Hardcastle, J.P. (seen in the left foreground), who was accompanied by Major-General A. E. Robinson, Colonel of the Green Howards.

WATCHED BY THE MEN WHO HELPED TO BUILD HER, THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "HERMES" GOES DOWN THE SLIPWAY AFTER HER LAUNCHING BY MRS. CHURCHILL: Speaking at a luncheon after the launching, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, said of the new ship: "Her flight deck is larger than a football field; her distilling plant is sufficient for most small towns, and her generators could supply 10,000 homes without fear of power cuts."

THE SEVERN BORE—THE TIDAL WAVE SURGING UPSTREAM AT STONEBENCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: The bore was smaller than had been expected and there was no flooding of riverside houses as in the past, though there was some temporary flooding by the high tide that followed. The bore is a tidal phenomenon occurring on rivers in many parts of the world. When a river expands gradually to a very wide mouth and is subject to high tides, the spring flood tide drives an immense volume of water from the sea into the river. The water accumulates in the estuary more rapidly than it can flow up into the river, and there is gradually formed across the estuary a high ridge of water which rushes up the river, often with great violence and noise. The Trent, Wye and Solway are other British rivers where bores occur. The most celebrated bores are those of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and the Indus. In the Hoogly branch of the Ganges the bore travels 70 miles in four hours, often appearing suddenly as a liquid wall over seven ft. high

CHURCH SCHOOLS WITH A LITERARY HERITAGE

State-aided Church Schools at the Hampshire Villages of Eversley, Hursley and Selborne, Famous for Their Literary Associations, Are to be Enlarged

A VIEW OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL AT EVERSLEY, ONE OF THE "AIDED" SCHOOLS IN THREE HAMPSHIRE VILLAGES WHICH ARE TO BE ENLARGED: Because of the historical associations of these villages the Bishop of Winchester is sponsoring an appeal for help with the work.

THE RECTORY AT EVERSLEY, HAMPSHIRE, WHERE CHARLES KINGSLEY WAS CURATE AND THEN RECTOR FROM 1842 UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1875, AND WHERE HE WROTE MOST OF HIS BOOKS: The village church is seen in the background on the right. Charles Kingsley is buried on the south side of the churchyard. Funds are now being raised for the reconstruction and enlargement of the State-aided Church school of this scattered parish, to which Kingsley's books—*The Water Babies*, *Hereward the Wake*—brought everlasting fame.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL AT HURSLEY, A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE WHICH WILL ALWAYS BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE MEMORY OF THE POET JOHN KEBLE: Keble was Vicar of Hursley from 1836 until his death in 1866.

THE VICARAGE AND CHURCH AT HURSLEY, WHERE THE SAINTLY JOHN KEBLE WAS VICAR FOR THIRTY YEARS: It was through Keble's energy that the handsome church of All Saints was rebuilt, in the fourteenth-century style, on the old site. It replaced an eighteenth-century building, but the tower was retained and a spire added to it. John Keble, who was the author of the *Sacred Songs*, did much to help and encourage the novelist Charlotte Yonge, one of his parishioners, in writing her stories. He was one of the founders of the Oxford Movement and many of his devotional verses are still to be found in common use as hymns.

SELBORNE, THE BEST KNOWN OF ALL HAMPSHIRE VILLAGES, WHERE THE NAME OF GILBERT WHITE, THE GREAT NATURALIST, IS LINKED WITH EVERY HILL AND HEDGEROW: *On left*—The Wakes, where Gilbert White lived and where he wrote his classic *The Natural History of Selborne*. *On right*—The Selborne Church school, the third of the Hampshire village schools included in the scheme for enlargement and reconstruction.

Gilbert White was born in Selborne in 1720, and he spent most of his life in the village. For many years he was the curate of Faringdon, a neighbouring village, and was Vicar of Selborne at the time of his death in 1793.

Selborne is very much the same nowadays as it was when White studied its flora and fauna with such close care. There are the familiar scenes, the zigzag path which White cut through the trees to the top of the Hangar, the hill dominating the village; the big boulder, called the Wishing Stone, upon which one can sit and wish; the famous yew in the churchyard; and the butcher's shop, with its iron-barred windows.

Of the scheme for enlarging the Church schools of the three celebrated Hampshire villages, the Bishop of Winchester says that the villages themselves can be relied upon to do all that is possible towards the capital costs of reconstruction, but expresses his feeling that others will welcome the opportunity of paying tribute to the memory of three country parsons whose works they have enjoyed and cherished.

HADRIAN'S WALL, WHICH STANDS ACROSS THE LINE OF THE PENNINE WAY, THE GREAT WALKER'S ROUTE WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE HEART OF THE NORTH COUNTRY: This drawing by Leslie S. Haywood was made near Housesteads, Northumberland, showing the dramatic nature of the scenery along the line of the wall. Eventually the whole route of the Pennine Way will be marked by cairns and stakes, but nothing will be done to detract from the wild and unspoilt nature of the countryside through which it passes.

WALKING THE PENNINE WAY

Following the Footpath Which Leads for 250 Miles from the Peak of Derbyshire and Over the Cheviots to the Scottish Border, a Route Beloved of All Who Enjoy Walking in the High Places

By TOM STEPHENSON (Secretary, The Ramblers' Association)

WITH DRAWINGS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

THE START OF THE PENNINE WAY: This primitive footbridge, made from a tree-trunk, crosses the Grindsbrook at Edale. Thereafter the route lies past the heights of Kinder Scout, but the walker in rough weather does well to avoid the highest places on the Pennine Way.

The Pennine Way, the first of the long-distance paths which are being established under the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act of 1949, is a high-level route which will always have to be walked with map and compass, for the signposting that is envisaged will not be considerable, and it will always have to be travelled in stout boots, for there is no idea of creating a smooth highway for the walkers of generations to come. It is a route, however, that has official sanction and offers a fine continuity, and to follow its line from the Peak of Derbyshire across the Cheviots into Scotland is to enjoy an unforgettable experience among some of the grandest scenery in Britain. In the following article Tom Stephenson describes the history of the route and some of its remarkable aspects.

A FOOTPATH for 250 miles from the Peak of Derbyshire along the Pennines to Hadrian's Wall, then across North Tynedale and over the Cheviots to the Scottish Border, was first proposed in 1935.

Three years later a conference of representatives of ramblers and youth hostellers unanimously agreed "that the wide, health-giving moorlands and high places of solitude, the features of natural beauty and the places of historic interest along the Pennine Way, give this route a special character and attractiveness which should be available for all time as a national heritage of the youth of the country and of all who feel the call of the hills and lonely places."

When the war came, members of the Ramblers' Association had surveyed the proposed route and discovered that nearly three-quarters of it could be followed on existing rights of way, including grass-grown Roman roads and almost-forgotten tracks once frequented by medieval monks, chapmen, Border thieves, smugglers, illicit whisky distillers, pack-horse trains, cattle-drovers and shepherds.

Seventy miles of new footpaths, it was found, were required; some of them over grouse moors from which walkers were rigorously barred. How to obtain those new rights of way remained an unsolved problem until the passing of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949.

The National Parks Commission, created under that Act, is charged, among other duties, with the establishment of long-distance paths along which extensive journeys can be made on foot or on horseback. Shortly after their appointment, the Commission announced they had chosen the Pennine Way as the first of these paths and, after the necessary consultations with the local authorities concerned, they recommended the then Minister of Local Government and Planning (Mr. Hugh Dalton) to approve the route.

Mr. Dalton's confirmation was readily given in July, 1951, for he had himself walked a considerable part of the Way, including some of its wildest sections. He had, in fact, been accused of exuberantly hoisting the red flag on the summit of Cross Fell, the highest point of the route. An eye-witness's account of what actually happened on that occasion may be worth recording. In May, 1948, Mr. Dalton, with some of his colleagues, walked 45 miles of the Pennine Way from Upper Teesdale to the Roman Wall. On the top of Cross Fell, 2,930 ft. above sea-level, they met a rambling club from Darlington. In that rarefied atmosphere Mr. Dalton told the ramblers of the forthcoming national parks legislation the Government was preparing. While he was speaking, a journalist in the party tied a red silk handkerchief to a stick on the summit cairn, where it drooped without a flutter.

Following Ministerial approval of the project, local authorities were required to establish the necessary rights of way either by agreement with the landowners or by public path orders. Although these formalities are not yet completed, no hindrance is likely to be met in following the approved route.

The Commission have produced a well-designed signpost with raised letters on a plain oak panel and this will be used to indicate the route in the valleys. On the moors the Way will be marked with cairns or stakes so that in time a visible path will be trodden over at

(*Continued on following pages*)

EDALE TO SWALEDALE

This part of the sketch-map by Leslie Haywood shows the first section of the Pennine Way from Edale in the south to the Great Shunner Fell in the n... This high-level walker's route, which received official approval in 1951, covers some very rough country, but on the initial stages it is within easy st... distance of such big towns as Oldham, Rochdale and Keighley. Where existing facilities along the Pennine Way are inadequate, the county co... are empowered by the National Parks Act to arrange for the provision of accommodation, meals and refreshment. This, however, is a long-term p...

THE PENNINE WAY OVER KINDER SCOUT : The centre of Kinder Scout is a boggy plateau intersected by numerous channels in the peat which are locally termed "groughs." The route recommended by the National Parks Commission follows the "grough" seen in the picture—one of the feeders of Crowden Brook.

THE LIMESTONE PAVEMENT ON THE TOP OF MALHAM COVE : This dramatic section of the r... lies between the Craven Lowlands and Cam Fell. Malham lies just after ... e seven... mile along the 250-mile route of the Pennine Way. Below Malham run ... the Wh...

(*Continued from previous page*)

present trackless heights. In places, however, over stretches of peat and bog, footprints will vanish as in melting snow. There will, then, always be an element of adventure in traversing the Pennine Way, and the probability, one day or another, of being enveloped in mist on a wide waste of moor 2,000 ft. or more above sea-level. A compass and the appropriate ordnance survey maps on the scale of 1 in. to the mile are, therefore, essential accompaniments.

The National Parks Act empowers local authorities to arrange where necessary for the provision of accommodation and refreshments on a long-distance route, but no immediate plans are in prospect. Meanwhile, except for a few places, where one may have to deviate from the route, simple accommodation can be found in village inns, farmhouses and cottages.

Measured on the map, the shortest distance between the Peak and the Border is only 150 miles, but the Pennine Way is no Euclidean line. It swerves from one side of the watershed to the other, now east, now west. Now making a frontal attack on a moorland edge; next traversing a windy upland where grouse cry "Go-back-back-back!"; where frantic curlews wail and sheep stare dumbfounded at the intruder; then plunging into a green-sided valley, only to climb again perhaps beside some leaping, peat-tinged burn that is followed up to yet another surge of swarthy heather moor relieved with occasional splashes of grey-green moor grass or more vivid bracken. So the Way winds through nine English counties to end in Roxburghshire.

From Edale, at the southern end, after crossing a primitive footbridge, the Way turns abruptly from a green and pleasant dale and follows the Grindsbrook between steep hillsides fringed with crags and weathered boulders of millstone grit. From the valley head a sharp ascent leads to the plateau of Kinder Scout. This, the Peak of Derbyshire, is anything but a peak in the popular sense. It is a wide expanse of almost uniform level, blanketed with a deep layer of peat which is trenched with innumerable channels or "groughs" forming a bewildering maze for the uninitiated. After slithering down and scrambling up the crumbling slopes of these twisting and bifurcating "groughs" and, after crossing a short stretch of the central bog, provided you have kept the correct course, the Kinder River is followed to The Downfall on the western edge of the plateau. There, the stream, seeking to plunge over the lip of a rocky escarpment, is baffled by the prevailing south-west wind, which blows back much of the falling water in a cloud of spray.

North of Kinder Scout is the yet wilder expanse of Bleaklow; thirty-seven square miles of moorland at present untraversed by a single continuous track. Hardy said of Egdon Heath that it "appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently-learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair." Even "Haggard Egdon" would seem almost fair beside these great surges of shaggy moorland. Yet they undoubtedly appeal to innumerable stalwart "bog-trotters," who range them in all weathers and find in them a delight that custom cannot stale. Some of these enthusiasts vigorously objected to the marking of the Pennine Way with cairns, on the grounds that it would tame Kinder Scout and detract from its primæval wildness.

The first 30 miles of the Pennine Way are mostly over this rough moorland, but beyond Blackstone Edge on to the moors of the Brontë country, although the landscape is only a little less stern, there are for most of the way well-defined paths.

Northwards, after crossing Lothersdale, we descend to the softer country of the Craven lowlands where the River Aire has breached the Pennines. At the head of Airedale the scene takes on a Gothic character. Here the earth movements which uplifted the Pennines have produced the fractures and dislocation of the strata known as the Craven Faults.

At Malham the Mid-Craven Fault is marked by an upstanding limestone escarpment in which Malham Cove and Gordale Scar are impressive features. The Cove is a natural amphitheatre, with a sheer wall of limestone nearly 300 ft. in height. From the foot of the rock one of the head waters of the Aire issues, after following a subterranean course for 1½ miles. In some past age a stream from Malham Tarn poured ove... lip of the Cove in what must have been a splendid ... To-day the stream runs underground and from th... of the Cove one can walk up the now-abandoned va... East of Malham is Gordale Scar, a deep cleft bet... towering and overhanging walls of limestone, wi... stream pouring through a natural arch at the to... the gorge.

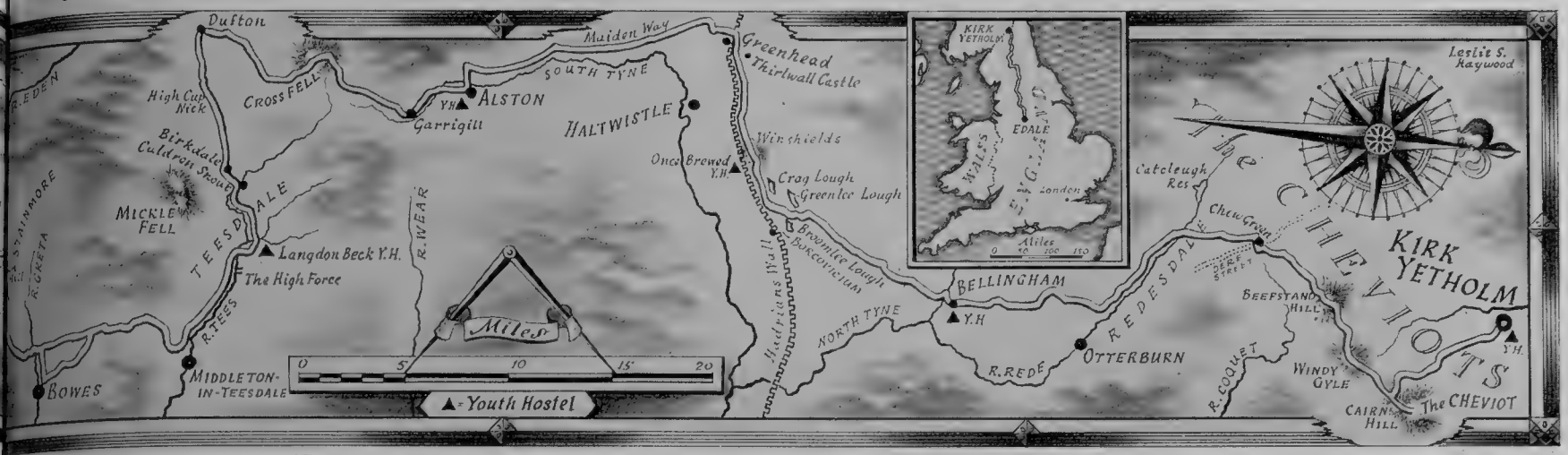
From Malham Cove the Way runs round by Ma... Tarn and over Fountains Fell to ascend Pen-y-ghent... most individual height in the length of the Penn... though some would claim that distinction for its ... browed neighbour, Ingleborough, on the opposite ... of Ribblesdale.

Out of that valley an old green road leads by ... limestone ravine of Ling Gill, crosses Cam Beck b... little pack-horse bridge and mounts to a Roman r... on Cam Fell above the lonely farms at Cam Hous... Soon we take another pack-horse trail and descend... Hawes, a little market town near the head of Wens... dale, where limestone walls bound the rich green fi... which rise from the valley floor high on the terra... hillsides.

Spurning the metalled road over the Butter... Pass, the Pennine Way takes a higher route over G... Shunner Fell to descend to the head of Swale... claimed by many as the most beautiful of the Y... shire Dales. Here the place-names of Thwaite, ... Muker, Gunnerside and Arkengarthdale speak of N... ancestry. Every field has its own stone-built, s... roofed barn, a practice also said to have been inher... from those early settlers.

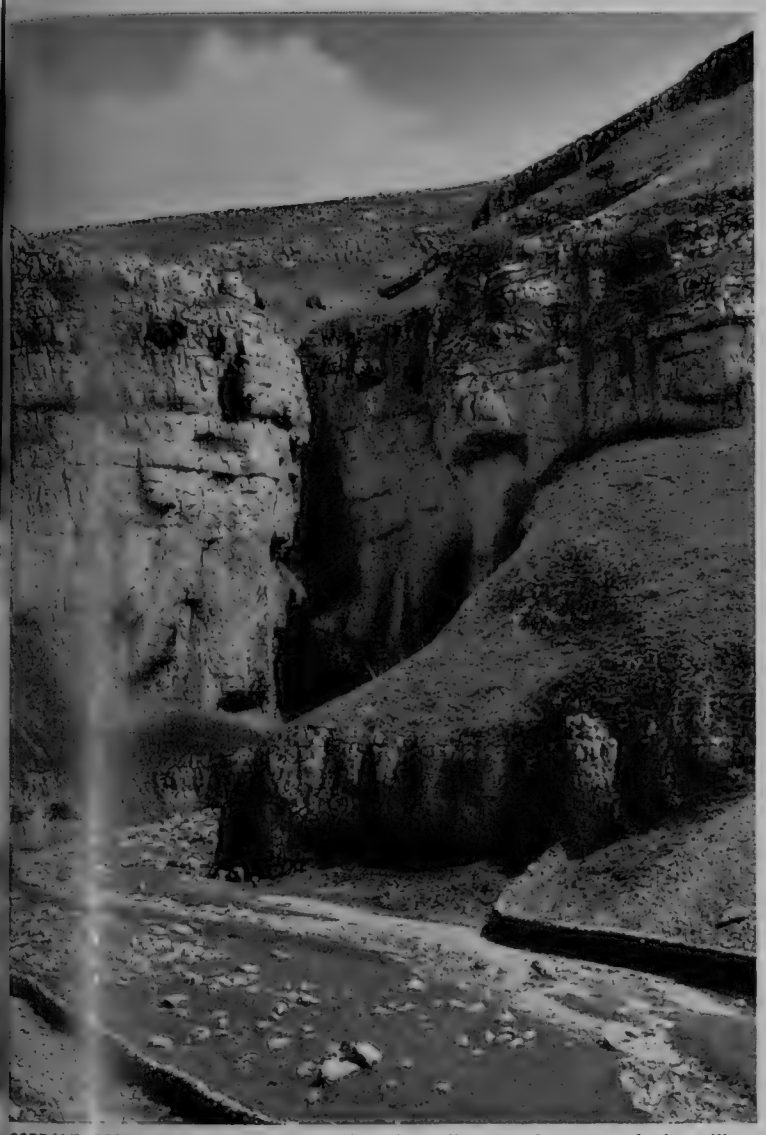
TAN HILL, THE HIGHEST PUBLIC-HOUSE IN ENGLAND : Tan Hill, 1,732 ft., lies on one of the loneliest stretches of the Pennine Way, and thereafter the traveller descends to the River Tees.

THE PENNINE WAY GOES OVER T... SUMM... PEN-Y-GHENT : This rounded summit ... Horton-in-Ribblesdale reache... to 2,27...



BOWES TO KIRK YETHOLM

This section continues the route of the Pennine Way, starting at Tan Hill and continuing northwards through Teesdale and the watershed of the South Tyne to Hadrian's Wall. Thereafter the walker travels through the wild grandeur of the Northumberland scene, and crossing the Cheviots comes to Kirk Yetholm at the end of a journey of 250 miles through the very heart of Britain. The stretch between Keld (on facing map) and Middleton-in-Teesdale is long, and it is suggested that some travellers may prefer to make Bowes, a little way off the route, a half-way house between these places.



GORDALE SCAR, NEAR MALHAM: Lying 1½ miles to the east of the village of Malham, this is a most spectacular piece of rock formation that should not be missed by the walker. It marks the Mid-Craven Fault.

THE GENTLER BEAUTY OF UPPER SWALEDALE CONTRASTS WITH SOME OF THE MORE SPECTACULAR SCENERY ENCOUNTERED ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE WHARFEDALE: On the right of this picture is Kisdon Fell. The Pennine Way runs right up the valley of the Swale on the left.

On right—

THE VILLAGE GREEN AT DUFTON, WESTMORLAND: In the background towers Cross Fell, the highest point of the Pennines (2,930 ft.)

From Keld, the uppermost hamlet in the dale, the Way climbs to Tan Hill, the highest "pub" in England, 1,732 ft. above sea-level. There we look across Stainmoor to the great swell of Mickle Fell and the heights of Upper Teesdale and Weardale.

By way of a change from the heights we have a riverside walk by the banks of the Tees from Middleton-in-Teesdale to High Force, where the peat-stained waters are churned to foam in a 70-ft. leap between towering bastions of rock.

Thence the Tees is still followed up to Caldron Snout, in some respects a more striking waterfall than High Force. Here the river plunges down a 200-ft. stairway of dark basalt crags.

Westwards is the grandest and wildest crossing of the Pennines, passing Birkdale, an isolated farm at an altitude of 1,500 ft., said to be the loneliest house in England.

For two hours or so we cross seemingly endless moors from Birkdale until, with dramatic suddenness, we reach High Cup Nick, the head of a deep U-shaped valley fringed with columnar crags of basalt and with a slender thread of a stream winding far below out to the wide and luscious valley of the Eden, beyond which the Lake District hills rise to the clouds.

Down in the dale we find a new colour note, for the buildings are of the local New Red sandstone which gives a rosy flush to cottage and barn conspicuous after the buildings of sombre millstone grit or grey limestone.

Standing on the wide green of Dufton village, we can see the level brow of Cross Fell (2,930 ft.), the highest point of the Pennines. From that summit, given a clear day, we shall view the Lake District hills again, look across Solway Firth to the hills of Galloway and away to the north-east the great hump of Cheviot rising above its neighbours, a five-days march away.

Provided we keep a northerly course from the summit cairn, we soon reach an old mine road which leads safely to the village of Garrigill, where most people will be content to stay the night after an arduous 14 miles.

Thence the South Tyne leads to Alston, the highest market town in England and onwards the route follows as closely as possible the line of the Maiden Way, a Roman road which takes us to Hadrian's Wall.

The finest section of that ancient frontier is followed by the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, over Winshields and the rocky ramparts above Crag Lough to the remains of the fort of Borcovicium at Housesteads where in their day men worshipped Jupiter and Mithras, and where we can still see the foundations of the gateways, the Commandant's House, the fort headquarters, the barracks and granaries and other buildings.

Beyond the Wall we strike across more moorland, then through Forestry Commission plantations to Bellingham and Upper Redesdale. Out of that dale we climb into the Cheviots and the head of Coquetdale. This beautiful, deeply-trenched valley with swinging curves and overlapping spurs is, unfortunately, within the bounds of the Redesdale Artillery Range. The Way is mapped to avoid gunfire and, from the Roman Camps at Chew Green, follows the grassy track of Dere Street, Agricola's road to Scotland, up to the Border. Thence the route runs eastward, rising and falling with the boundary, over the heights of Beefstand Hill, Windy Gyle and Cairn Hill, which is really a spur of "Muckle Cheviot."

More than one day is needed for this traverse, and it will be necessary to descend into Coquetdale to seek lodgings in a farmhouse or shepherd's cottage. In these lonely recesses of the Cheviots there still lingers the traditional hospitality of bygone days, and it would be regrettable if selfish visitors imposed upon the innate generosity of these kindly people.

Along the Border from Chew Green to The Schil there is a succession of grand panoramas with the smooth, rounded heights of the Cheviots and their lonely, twisting valleys on one hand and on the other the triple peaks of the Eildon Hills, and the more distant Moffatt Hills and the Lammermuirs.

Cheviot itself is a massive humped and boggy plateau, too wide to serve as a good viewpoint. It is included as a sidestep from the main route, which from Cairn Hill follows the Border Fence northwards over The Schil and descends round Black Hag and down the Halterburn Valley to its termination at Kirk Yetholm.

Although the Pennine Way includes some rough going, much of it is on already well-trodden tracks and the wilder parts can be skirted if desired. Strong walkers might cover the distance in a fortnight, but that is a test of endurance. For the average walker three weeks would be a more reasonable allowance. Stout boots, maps and compass are indispensable. With these aids and a normal measure of common sense, one follows what is undoubtedly the most adventurous and varied long-distance walk in Britain.

DUTCHIE'S SALOON, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1853 : A scene from Jack Hylton's latest American musical comedy importation, *Paint Your Wagon*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. In the centre, Ben Rumson (Bobby Howes), founder of a boom town, dances with his new wife, Elizabeth Woodling (June Grant). The scene followed Ben's successful bid at the auction of Elizabeth, until then the neglected party of the two wives accompanying a Mormon who had arrived at the gold camp.

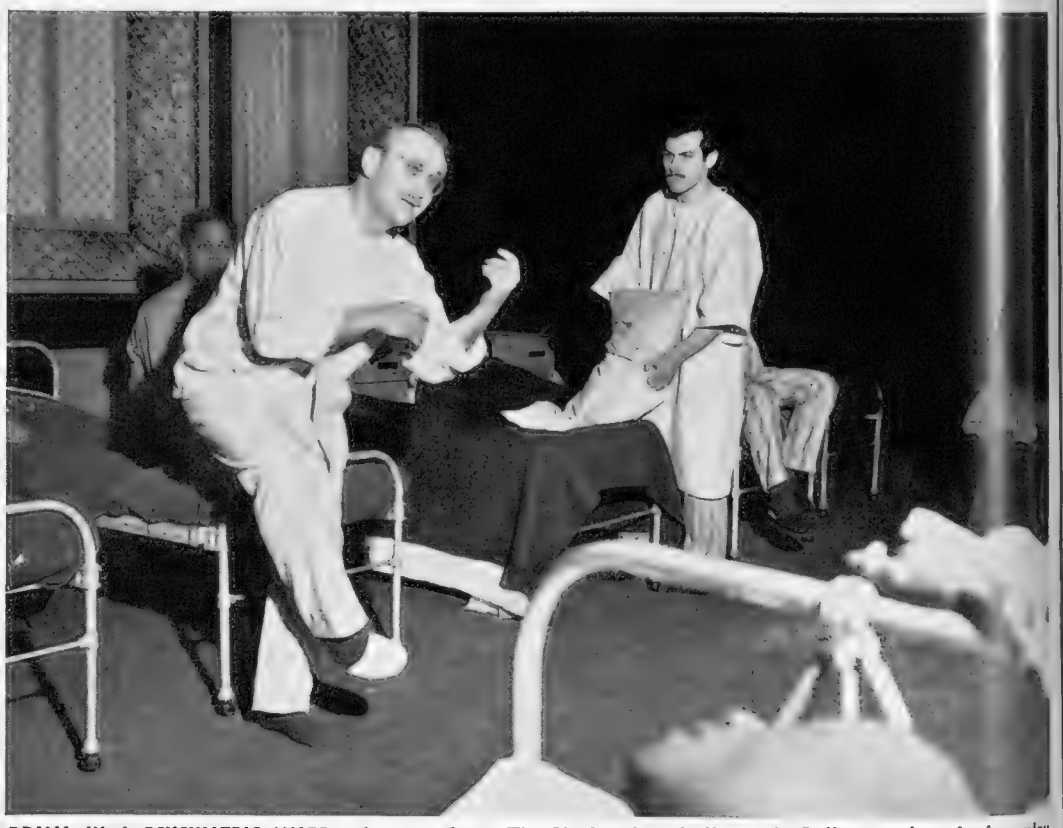
A LEAP TO FAME : Sheila O'Neill, as Yvonne Sorel, one of the dancing girls who come to the boom town, stopped the show on the first night with her graceful and spirited dancing.

News of the Stage

FIRST NIGHTS in the WEST END

An American Musical at Her Majesty's, A Victorian Revival at the Savoy

Paint Your Wagon owes much of its success to the lusty singing of its male chorus, and to the choreography of Agnes de Mille, who arranged the dances. It also brings a family partnership to the musical comedy stage in Bobby Howes and his daughter, Sally Ann Howes. The setting is a Northern Californian town during the gold rush of 100 years ago. Bobby Howes, as Ben Rumson, strikes gold and founds the town, which rapidly develops as a typical "boom town." A troupe of dancing girls arrive and set the stage alight with their spirited dancing and the brilliant costumes, designed for them by Motley. Against this turbulent background, Sally Ann Howes plays out a simple love-story with her American partner, Ken Cantril. Frederick Loewe has composed some tuneful numbers, and the book, by Alan Jay Lerner, provides a breakaway from musical comedy tradition in its not entirely happy ending, with the boom town's final decay, after the gold has run out.



DRAMA IN A PSYCHIATRIC WARD : A scene from *The Shrike*, Joseph Kramm's Pulitzer prize-winning play at the Princes Theatre. In the centre, putting his pillow into a case, is Sam Wanamaker, who plays Jim Downs, a man who has attempted suicide and is under observation in a New York hospital.

The Shrike—or butcher bird—is characterised in the play of that name by a wife, who uses the threat of confinement in a lunatic asylum to win back her husband. Before that has been revealed, a harrowing picture of conditions in the observation and psychiatric wards of an American hospital has been played out. Jim Downs, separated from his wife, has attempted suicide. He has been brought by the police to the "City Hospital," and there undergoes examination by psychiatrists. None of these shows any great insight, and he is in danger of being certified, unless his wife (played by Constance Cummings) agrees to his release. The atmosphere is tense and the neurotic Downs, afraid of being driven insane by confinement and by contact with the other patients, is brilliantly portrayed by Sam Wanamaker. The simplified dialogue of the psychiatrists causes them to appear frighteningly unfit for their responsibilities.

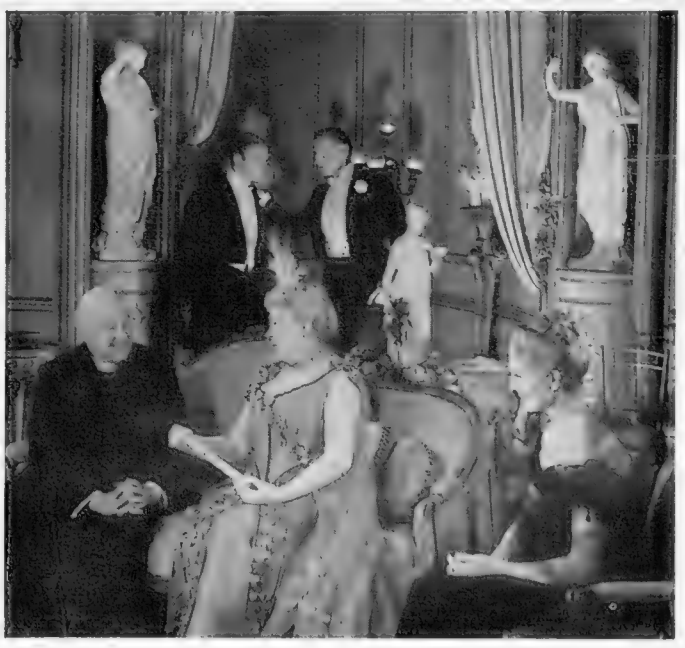
A LONG-NEGLECTED PLAY RETURNS TO THE WEST END STAGE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE : Members of Lady Hunstanton's house party gathered together in the first Act of Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, which was first presented at the Haymarket Theatre sixty years ago, scoring a big success with the acting of Mr. Tree and Mrs. Bernard Beere. Seated from left to right are Charles Perry (Lord Alfred), Joan Benham (Lady Stutfield), Jean Cadell (Lady Caroline Pontefract), William Mervyn (Sir John Pontefract) and Athene Seyler (Lady Hunstanton). In the background are Philip Burton (Mr. Kelvil) and Isabel Jeans (Mrs. Allonby). The play is directed by Michael Benthall and settings are by Loudon Sainthill.

DISCUSSING THE MOON : Isabel Jeans (Mrs. Allonby) and Clive Brook (Lord Illingworth) in *A Woman of No Importance*, at the Savoy Theatre.

Whether the revival of *A Woman of No Importance* is an important venture is not altogether certain, for this was one of Wilde's flimsiest plays, but the production and settings, allied to the acting of an all-star cast, add vastly to the interest that this long-neglected drama arouses. Theatre-goers who examine the original Wilde dialogue will find many variations in the new script, and quite a sprinkling of new epigrams in the old familiar manner. Clive Brook's performance as the dissolute, degenerate, epigram-loving Lord Illingworth is superb.

On right—

LADY HUNSTANTON AND MRS. ARBUTHNOT HAVE A WORD WITH THE ARCHDEACON : Aubrey Mather, Athene Seyler and Nora Swinburne in the Wilde revival.



A REWARD FOR MOTORING INITIATIVE

The R.A.C.'s Dewar Trophy is Awarded to the Rootes Group for the Year's Most Outstanding Engineering and Technical Achievement

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

CONGRATULATIONS to the Rootes Group on being awarded the Dewar Trophy for 1952. The R.A.C. presents the trophy annually in recognition of "the most outstanding engineering and technical achievement" of the year.

Last year it went to Jaguar Cars Limited, for the success of their XK120's in four major international events. The year before that the R.A.C. singled out the Rover Company for the development of its Turbocar.

The Rootes Group get the trophy for the outstanding performance of their Sunbeam-Talbot cars in the 1952 International Alpine Rally. A team of three Sunbeam-Talbot 90's gained the manufacturers' team prize for the best team performance irrespective of size, class or nationality.

These three Sunbeam Talbots—standard 2¼-litre sports saloons—were driven by teams led respectively by Murray Frame, Mike Hawthorn and Stirling Moss. They finished first, second and third in the 2-3-litre class, and each gained one of the coveted Coupes des Alpes, awarded only to competitors who complete the gruelling Alpine run without losing a single mark. Only seven others qualified for a Coupe last year.

The R.A.C.'s decision to give the Dewar Trophy to the Rootes Group is a popular one. Here is an organisation with enough courage, initiative and confidence to submit their cars to the test of severe international competition.

It costs a lot of money, and there is always the risk that sheer bad luck will bring utter failure—with consequent loss of prestige—however well the cars have been prepared. But the Rootes Group, led by those remarkable brothers Sir William and Sir Reginald Rootes, has never been faint-hearted, and it has reaped rich publicity rewards—followed by increased sales—as a result of its bold policy of large-scale participation in motor sport and record-breaking.

And that is not all, of course. The Group's engineers learn a lot from these Alpine and Monte Carlo Rallies and these fast, timed runs through many lands. Their cars are tested to the limits of their endurance. And when things sometimes break or go wrong, as they are bound to, valuable lessons are learned.

They discover any design weaknesses and are able to put them right—or try to!—before these faults have time to annoy their customers. The Sunbeam-Talbot is a good example of this. Here is a relatively inexpensive sports saloon—£865 basic, or £1,347 with tax—which has achieved a high degree of liveliness and reliability, with good road-holding, largely as a result of lessons learned in rallies and trials in which they had to be well and truly "flogged" by expert drivers who know how to do just that.

The Sunbeam-Talbot is a good-looking car which makes no pretence of being particularly roomy, yet four people can travel in it in perfect comfort. The individual seats in front seem to wrap round your back in a most comforting way. The height and angle of the steering wheel are just right, and the excellent field of vision helps to give a feeling of complete mastery over the car. Some people might say the steering is a bit heavy, especially for a woman driver, but the man who buys a sports saloon usually likes it that way.

I always think the Sunbeam-Talbot's steering-column gear-change lever is one of the best fitted to any British car with a four-speed gear-box, and I like the sunshine roof. The 4-cylinder overhead-valve engine produces 70 brake horse-power at 4,000 r.p.m., and while it is necessary to make free use of the gears in traffic, the willing, quiet-running motor is never happier than when the car is out on the open road and cruising at 55 or 60 miles an hour.

The automatic carburettor choke does its job extremely well, giving instant starting on the coldest morning with one press of the button, but I am old-fashioned enough to be a little suspicious of these thermostatically-operated devices and prefer the good old manually-controlled kind of choke, which, I am sure, gives you a better fuel consumption and relieves you of the feeling that an over-rich mixture is washing the oil-film off your cylinder walls when you start up in the morning. It is possible, of course, to have a manual choke fitted in place of the automatic device.

I was interested to read in the *Daily Mail*, by the way, that the Rootes people are building a two-seater version of their famous "90" saloon.

They are apparently using the "90" chassis and engine as the basis for this latest addition to the growing range of British sports cars, and judging by what Sir William Rootes is reported to have said in New York, it looks as if he is out to challenge the present popularity in North America of the Jaguar and the M.G.

Before I pass on to another subject there is another word of congratulation due to the Rootes Group.

"Many happy returns" to the Hillman Minx, which is celebrating its twenty-first birthday by coming out with a new, oval-shaped radiator grille. I think it improves the appearance of this great-hearted little 10-h.p. family saloon.

The headlight dazzle problem, to which I referred in these notes some time ago, has come into the news again with the publication of a report on this important subject by the Road Research Laboratory, an institution which is run by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and one which does a great deal of good work.

Their report on the dazzle problem was based on intensive research extending over the past two years, during which time more than 800 cars were examined. One conclusion they reached was that 10 per cent. of all dipped headlights are dazzling and that 20 per cent. of the fog lamps fitted to British cars also produce excessive glare.

The Road Research people attach a great deal of importance to the distance ahead a motorist can see when he is faced by the headlights of an oncoming car. They say that this distance must not be cut down. "It is possible," they say, "greatly to reduce the discomfort of dazzle by reducing the brightness of the beam, but this shortens the seeing distance at the same time.

"We have therefore come to the conclusion that the brightness used should not be a low one. Measures aimed merely at reducing brightness should be discouraged."

Better "aiming" (or focusing) and the elimination of both the feeble and the excessively bright headlights would get rid of a lot of the trouble. If all headlamps were of the same design and power, dazzle problems would be much easier to tackle. The laboratory experts consider that the double-dipping headlamps with double-filament "pre-focused" bulbs and prismatic lenses now being fitted to most new cars in this country are "the most obvious choice for general use."

They think that even these scientifically-designed headlamps can be improved, but their report says emphatically: "The most important thing at present is to improve aim and maintenance." It believes this three-point programme would help: (1) Eliminate the very bright and very weak beams; (2) Enforce accurate "aiming"; (3) Encourage progress towards uniformity of headlights.

The laboratory's anti-dazzle team have not neglected the possibilities of using polarised light, which entails the use of special windscreen and headlamp glass. They say that it would be the ideal solution, but that it is impracticable just at the moment if only because of the enormous cost involved.

Most of the windscreens in present-day cars would have to be replaced, and because polarisation halves the intensity of a headlight, more powerful car dynamos would also have to be fitted. It is, of course, obvious that every car in use would have to be simultaneously converted to the use of polarised light.

When I read that Members of Parliament were complaining of the "extravagance" of the big petrol companies in showering free gifts on the motoring community to try to induce them to buy their own particular brand of motor spirit, my reaction was to ask myself "*What* free gifts"? For though I have heard and read a lot about these catch-penny hand-outs, I myself have not so far been lucky enough to be offered so much as a box of matches—let alone a razor-blade or a "ladder-stopper" for my wife's nylons.

I suppose I have filled up with petrol more than a dozen times since branded spirit ousted the unmourned, unwept Pool, which we suffered so long, yet not once have I been asked by the pump man if my oil was all right or if I wanted any water in the radiator. I have had my windscreen wiped twice only.

Where, for goodness' sake, is all this customer service and increased civility we were led to expect when the petrol war started and the different companies were wooing the motoring public? I have not seen much of it myself. Mostly I have had just the right amount of courtesy. Sometimes the attendants have been a bit surly; and sometimes they have been rather slow, but this is certainly the exception rather than the rule.

I for one will not regret it if I am never asked how my oil is or whether I want my radiator, battery or tyres "topped up." I simply want to be served with my petrol as quickly as possible (the chap waiting behind me will always endorse that), but if the man at the petrol pump has the time to rub a wet chamois leather over my windscreen without expecting a tip. I shall always be very grateful.

I like the frankness of the Daimler Company in coming out so openly with an admission that stocks of unsold Consort saloons are piling up in such an embarrassing manner that they had decided on a drastic temporary price reduction.

They have effected this in an ingenious way, by reducing the basic price by a figure equivalent to a 50 per cent. cut in purchase tax. The shape of things to come? We all hope so, but the Daimler Company is under no illusions about the uncertainty of the Chancellor's treatment of the purchase-tax question.

The basic price of the 2½-litre, 6-cylinder, fluid-flywheel Consort is now £1,094—a drop of £239. Total price, including tax, has dropped from £2,075 to £1,703.

THE ROOTES GROUP INTRODUCE THE CALIFORNIAN "HARD TOP": This new Hillman car, the latest addition to the Hillman range, is the fashionable 2-door compromise between a saloon and coupé. It incorporates many of the advantages of an open car, the two side windows winding down into the body panels, with no central body pillar, giving all-round vision. Chassis specification is identical with the Hillman Minx Saloon. Initial production of the Californian is scheduled entirely for export, and supplies to the home market will commence in approximately three months' time. The price, including purchase tax, will be £794.

On right—

THE CHEF'S SPECIAL: One of the new Hillman Minx cars is driven out of the twenty-first anniversary cake (the doors having been opened by two chefs) during the birthday celebrations of the Hillman Minx at a London hotel. The anniversary Minx cars have entirely new frontal treatment.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE BRONTËS—YET ANOTHER BIOGRAPHY

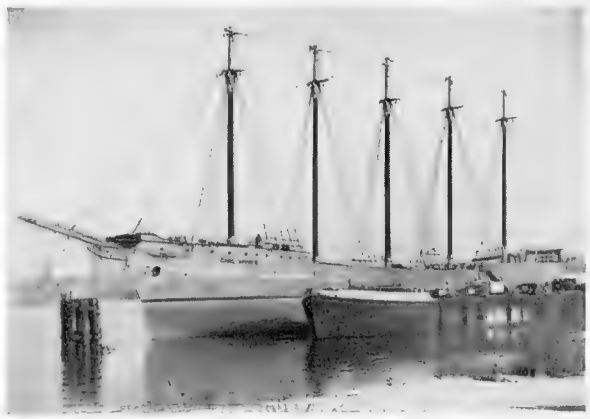
Giving the Reader Fresh Knowledge and a Complete Picture of the Family of Genius

TO write a new biography of the Brontës must take, as well as talent and diligence, a certain courage, for there have been so many and, in Mrs. Gaskell's, one so surpassingly good. Miss Margaret Lane has been inspired to take exactly the right line in THE BRONTË STORY (Heinemann. 21s.), for she has written in complete sympathy with Mrs. Gaskell's work, has quoted from it copiously where she recognised that certain passages could neither be bettered nor amplified, and has succeeded in giving the reader, with the fresh knowledge that the earlier biographer was unable or unwilling to use, a wonderfully complete picture of the family of genius.

"My aim," writes Miss Lane, "has been to place the reader in a discreet position behind Mrs. Gaskell's shoulder, where he can comfortably see what she is writing . . . and while he is thus strategically placed, to put into his hand all the material to which Mrs. Gaskell had no access, or which, for one good reason or another, she did not use." Modestly, Miss Lane has called her book only a reconsideration of Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë; in fact, it comes close to being, with that irreplaceable book, the perfect guide either to the Brontës' lives or to their works.

The confined, bleak and monotonous life at Haworth parsonage was never better rendered than here, nor the almost obsessive romanticism of the Brontë children's minute writings. Genius is a word to be used very sparingly, but the world acknowledges that both Emily and Charlotte could claim it, and the world can now smile wryly to think that Mr. Brontë, on first reading *Jane Eyre*, said to his family at tea: "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

I should add that Miss Joan Hassall's illustrations to *The Brontë Story* are both decorative and wholly in the mood of the study.



THE TRAGEDY OF A FINE OLD SAILING-VESSEL: The deserted and unrigged five-masted schooner *Carl Vinnen* lying at Hamburg, where she is to be sold. The *Carl Vinnen* is one of a fleet of sailing-vessels owned by a company unable to meet the costs of their upkeep. Other vessels of the fleet are the *Pamir* and the *Passat*, which have been in recent use for cadet training.

THE COCKNEY (André Deutsch. 18s.) is a treasure-house of a book and so endlessly quotable that I shall have to use the severest restraint not to fill the page with inimitable extracts. Of course, if there are people who neither like nor dislike Cockneys, who haven't, in fact, got any interest in them at all, this is not the book for them, though I am not sure that it mightn't convert a few at that. But for those who like them, know them, live among them or are merely amused by them, then Mr. Julian Franklyn's masterly work is to be recommended without reservation. Also it should be added to the library lists of all those people who, not being tired of life, as Dr. Johnson had it, are not tired of London.

Mr. Franklyn has two excellent qualifications for the book he has written. He is a scholar, and he is a Cockney. One without the other would never have produced these 300-odd pages; together the combination seems unbeatable. The author has arranged his material in three sections: a first, and very brief book on historical London; a second, which forms the major part of the book, on people, and a third, and quite fascinating one, on language.

Fashions change in this as in art or humour. Someone writing recently of the great caricaturist of the Cockney, Phil May, was slightly shaken to see that his secretary had typed it "Film A." The music-hall songs of forty and fifty years ago were more robust than their present-day counterparts, and street games have altered, too, but the Cockney character remains much the same, and though the Dickensian "v's" and "w's" have totally disappeared, and the idiom is different every decade, the Victorian Cockney, the Cockney of the blitz and the Cockney discussing the "National 'ealf," are as alike as (tinned) peas.

I hope I have managed to imply that I like both the book and its subject?

It is comforting to know that even the newest-fangled psychiatrists still advise the oldest-fashioned long sea voyages to set their patients up, and reassuring to learn that even a newly-qualified doctor will take the advice. Dr. Richard Gordon writes of a trip taken for such a reason, but in far from restful circumstances, as ship's doctor in an awkward old cargo boat, "one of the world's shopping-baskets," that took him from Liverpool to South America and back to the Thames with a minimum of comfort and a maximum of laughs.

Dr. Gordon is a very funny writer indeed, and although I promise not to prescribe DOCTOR AT SEA (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) as a tonic, I do suggest that you while away a melancholy winter evening by reading it. It will probably not take longer than one evening, because it is the kind of book that demands to be read at a sitting, whatever other demands you have on your time. I should add that Dr. Gordon, a pleasantly uninhibited young man as far as one can judge, has a very light hand with a simile, and I enjoyed, amongst others, the description of a Brazilian madam "with a figure like a thawing snowman."

There is a great deal to be said for starting a book off with a bang—a method evidently appreciated by Mr. G. F. Young, who opens his admirable book of Australian memoirs with the words: "My mother's father was a successful opium trader." Many autobiographers would be hard put to it to continue in as lively a strain, but Mr. Young, although his own activities from the earliest age were blamelessly law-abiding, has had no difficulty in keeping his reminiscences on an exciting note.

UNDER THE COOLIBAH TREE (Melrose. 21s.) is an appropriate title, easily recognised by students of *Waltzing Matilda*, and very well suited to those chapters that describe the really pioneering days in Australia. Mr. Young, for instance, although beginning his own career as a bank clerk, soon changed his mind in favour of gold prospecting and spent many years on the gold-fields, after which he became a farmer, an author and a successful broadcaster. Mr. Young has a good deal to say about the gold rushes from 1894 onwards in Western Australia, and some derisive opinions of those who complained of the hardships. "It is childish to say there was either danger, thirst, hunger, solitude or any one mile that was impassable or that required experience, skill or bushcraft," he opines.

From which you will gather that Mr. Young, now over eighty years old, is and was the stuff from which pioneers are made, and his easy, good-tempered style shows us, too, that he has the stuff of the real story-teller in him. Incidentally, the illustrations from old photographs are quite magnificent.

Of this week's novels, I found the most satisfying was a long and solidly constructed story by Mr. Royston Morley, THE CHANCTONBURY RING (Methuen. 15s.). It is an unwelcome fact that novels rooted in early childhood and growing slowly with their characters to maturity can be sad bores, and, indeed, I blenched a little at the opening pages of this one. But after a slow introduction it gets away at a very comfortable pace and, as far as I was concerned, never lagged after the first chapter or two.

The children in this particular case grow up in a cathedral city, and most of them are dean's or bishop's or vicar's offspring. They form their special attachments early and are faithful to them until, just before the last war, they all come of marrying age. Then, with only one exception, and that the narrator, they each marry the wrong person and only work out their destinies after painful processes of trial and error.

Mr. Morley handles his complicated pattern wit great assurance, and I found his novel, althoug in a fresh, modern idiom, had some of the caref craftsmanship of the novelists at the turn of th century.

THE ENGLISH MARCH (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6 is that most unusual thing—a level-headed no about Prince Rupert, showing him not as Charles I inspired cavalry commander, but as the man wh twenty years later, returned to England wi Charles II, to be a patron of men of learning, Fellow of the Royal Society and the first Governo as few people remember, of the Hudson B Company. Miss Elizabeth D'Oyly writes with spi as befits her hero, but with a certain detachment t and her novel is admirably balanced between th objective and the frankly admiring.

After a good start, and an introduction to a n over-written period of Anglo-French history, Morta Lambert's novel, THAXFORD'S WIFE (Peter Davi 12s. 6d.), ambles along pleasantly enough, with i pictures of Paris and the French provinces in th Second Empire, and London and Essex in earl Victorian days, the settings in each case being th houses of the old nobility. The author's style polished and agreeable, and it is a real disappointmen even a slight shock, to find how sadly the story tai off in the last few pages. Indeed, it might be sai in the words of a very young critic, that it doesn' end—"it just leaves off."

SPOTLIGHT ON HEDDA

Eva Le Gallienne's Analysis of the Ibsen Heroine whom She Has So Often Played

Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* still weaves a potent spell, to an extent equalled by few twentieth-century plays, but just think what its impact must have been upon the first audiences who saw this masterpiece without having been told by several generations of learned critics what to think, what to expect and what to feel in the presence of this extraordinary woman, this vivid product of Ibsen's genius. In her PREFACE TO IBSEN'S HEDDA GABLER (Faber and Faber. 21s.), Eva Le Gallienne asks us to think on this first impact of the play, and reminds us at the same time of the incalculable penalty a work of art has to pay for becoming famous. In her preface, Eva Le Gallienne, who has so often played the role of Hedda, has really compiled a series of notes for young actresses who will follow her in the part, and, in addition, she provides a new translation of the play, the work of her own hand; for being half-Scandinavian, she is fluent in both Norwegian and Danish. Miss Le Gallienne is firmly of the belief that Hedda should not be played in modern clothes, which she herself once essayed, not because people would expect to find telephones and other devices brought into the action which was one criticism levelled at a Le Gallienne production of *Hedda Gabler*), but because there is an element in Hedda that is more easily understood when seen against the back-drop of the 90's—her incurable romanticism. There was much more to Hedda than that, of course. She was an hysteric, unwilling to be possessed yet tormented with erotic desires, but withal outwardly calm, affecting a pose of indifference whenever seen in public. Only when Hedda is alone do we penetrate deeply into her own particular inner hell. To re-read the play in the light of Eva Le Gallienne's comments is indeed a revelation. She helps us to appreciate the dramatic power of Ibsen, the philosopher and poet, who was a revolutionary in a double sense, whose ideas fell like a bomb-shell into the world of his day and whose disregard for the stilted rules of dramatic construction then obtaining swept *Hedda Gabler* and other plays to the fullness of success. Ibsen prepared a dose for a sick world, Edmund Gosse has declared, and he made it as nauseous and astringent as he could. That may well be true, but Miss Le Gallienne has shown, above all, that the people of whom he wrote were intensely real, not least Hedda Gabler and those who revolved about her. It is that reality which makes the dose assimilable.

No country in Europe has had more tribulations in the present century than luckless Austria, truncated after the First World War when the ramshackle Empire went down in ruins and geographically divided after the Second World War when, after the lapse of seven years, no agreement has been reached between Russia and the Western Powers as to her future. But the essential Austria survives, and Monk Gibbon, poet and travel-writer, has done this great country a full measure of justice in his new volume, simply entitled AUSTRIA (Batsford. 18s.). To say that it is in the same tradition as *The Land of France*, another near classic from the same publishing house, is to pay Mr. Gibbon's book the appropriate compliment. Mr. Gibbon writes of the scenery, the buildings and the people, setting these things against the background of Austria's history, and he has selected some really magnificent illustrations.

Here is another travel book, less deeply considered perhaps, but glowing with first impressions. In THE SUDDEN VIEW (Victor Gollancz. 15s.) Sybille Bedford takes us on an excursion to Mexico (it was very nearly Peru), and in this journey, decided upon at the last minute, we follow her into a strange land where it is quite possible to catch the day before yesterday's train, where the echoes of medieval Spain have never quite died, where there is no middle class, and almost anything can happen to the tourist who is not afraid of adventure. Miss Bedford was not afraid, and her ability to set down her impressions has helped to make a travel book of rare quality.

Few cars have ever excited more enthusiasm among their owners than the Bentleys, and their performances both on racing circuits and on the open road brought them swiftly into esteem throughout the world. The original Bentley concern had a life of only twelve years, but what years they were, and A. F. C. Hillstead, the first Sales Manager of the Company, gives his account of them in THOSE BENTLEY DAYS (Faber and Faber. 21s.). Mr. Hillstead reveals some of the day-to-day difficulties which beset the executives, not least through the lack of adequate funds, and he is particularly interesting about some of the famous early customers who bought the vintage Bentleys.

Captain V. S. Littauer, with the aid of Bert Clark, an expert cameraman, has produced a most valuable instructional book entitled BE A BETTER HORSEMAN (Hurst and Blackett. 42s.). He describes his book as an illustrated guide to the enjoyment of modern riding. The style throughout is conversational, and Captain Littauer has tried to make each chapter a pleasurable course of personal instruction. There are chapters on hacking, jumping and general schooling, and the author concludes with notes on teaching the forward seat, a subject to which he has devoted two previous books.

Christopher Isherwood's autobiography LIONS AND SHADOWS was well received on its first appearance in 1938, and is now reissued (Methuen. 9s. 6d.). It is a fascinating record of how a young man in the London of the '20's made himself into a writer.

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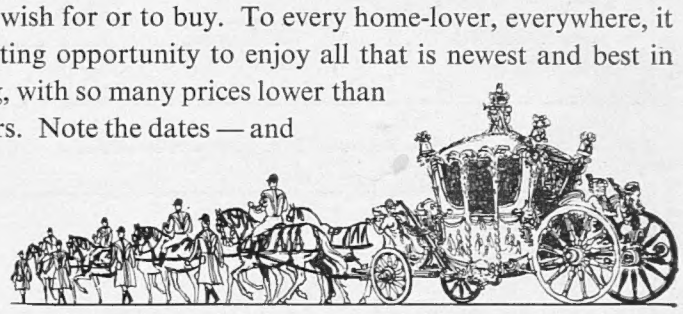

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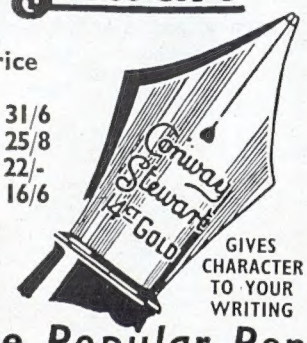

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

DURING this Coronation year, many of us will be acting as the nation's hosts, and I hope that Londoners will bear in mind how much overseas visitors appreciate a day's run into the country. The highways should be largely forsaken for the byways. Visitors are eager to see something of our picturesque villages, our weathered churches and our venerable inns, and such an outing, coupled with the surety of good food and wine, will add one more page to some book of happy memories.

Leaving London by Western Avenue, take the Oxford road almost as far as Gerrard's Cross (put *The Bull* on your list for another occasion). Then divert to show your visitors Stoke Poges churchyard, famed by the poet Gray, follow the by-lanes which lead into and through Burnham Beeches, and, keeping south, join the Bath Road at Taplow. After calling in for refreshment at the famous *Skindles Hotel* (under the personal direction of Trapani, it is now one of the "musts" around Town), you cross Maidenhead Bridge and turn left for your luncheon objective—*The Hind's Head* at Bray.

On the score of old worldliness and English fare at its best, no better place would you have chosen to impress your overseas friends. But take the precaution of ringing through and booking your table in advance (Tel. : Maidenhead 567) and of arriving on time. On Saturdays and Sundays, Miss Williams may have 150 and more luncheons to cope with, and though a pleasant three-quarters of an hour's wait can be enjoyed in the cocktail bar, watching the comings and goings, as host you will probably be secretly anxious about whether Miss Williams has forgotten you (she never does) and whether any of the main items on the menu are "off" (they never are). Indeed, I know no inn in the country where large numbers are catered for so expeditiously and so generously, and where there is less need for the host to catch the waiter's eye. Should it be in term time, your overseas friends will be interested in the many Etonians they will see there. So famous is *The Hind's Head* amongst them for the generosity of portions that I hear it is known to them as "The Blow Out"! After lunch and coffee, served in the lounge, I recommend a stroll down through the village to the river banks.

For the return journey, avoiding the main roads as far as possible, plot your course through picturesque Berkshire and Surrey scenery, embracing Bracknell, Ascot, Virginia Water, Chertsey, Weybridge, and so to *Oatlands Park Hotel* for that social occasion—afternoon tea. In its size, spacious grounds and amenities, *Oatlands Park* never fails to impress overseas visitors, for it conveys to them what it is, the complete country house hotel. Given a fine day, the grounds in spring are a riot of colour ; beautifully laid out, they retain a natural charm, particularly around the 18-hole sporting golf course. If it is bathing weather, the fine outdoor filtrated swimming-pool will be a great draw, while tennis and squash courts will be fully occupied.

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NUMBER SEVEN

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